



COLGATE'S

CHARMIS

COLD CREAM



An added refinement to the toilet and a practical safeguard against the harsh effects of climate and of weather. You can use Charmis Cold Cream confidently—it is of Colgate Quality.

Ask your dealer the price—or send
4c. in stamps for a dainty trial tube

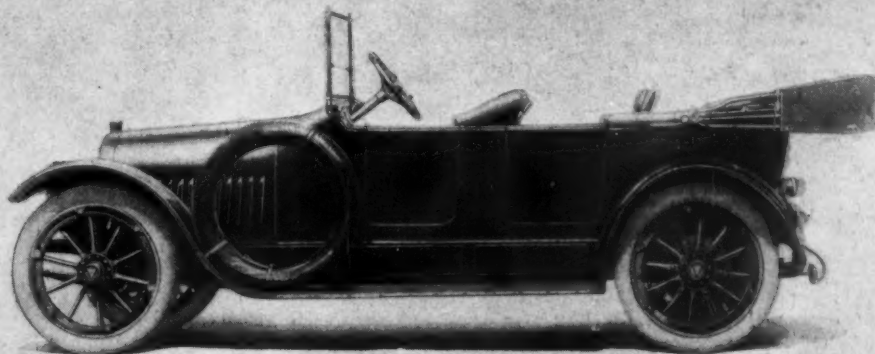
COLGATE & COMPANY

Established 1806

Dept. 23., 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap
—luxurious, lasting, refined





Hudson Is My Ideal Car

John Dunlop A. Brown Huxley L. G. Maxine

10,000 Owners Endorse It
*After Tests for Two Seasons, in 43 Countries,
 on Some 25 Million Miles of Road*

Once the HUDSON Six-40 stood alone, the pioneer in lightness and economy applied to a 7-passenger Six.

It introduced a hundred innovations. All of them were wanted. Every man realized that their fulfillment would change the whole aspect of motoring.

But radical advances are always subject to question. New things must be proved. Every new type, even though Howard E. Coffin designs it, must run the gantlet of cynicism and attack. And here was a type which proposed, for one thing, to save 1000 pounds in weight.

Now the Pattern Car

Now this HUDSON Six-40, in its second season, is the pattern car of the day. It is the most-copied car in America. What it stands for has become the almost universal aim.

It has made the Six triumphant by removing the handicaps of price and weight, of fuel and upkeep cost. Most of the leading new models this season are in this Light Six class. There are 26 altogether.

Their makers are starting where HUDSON designers started four years ago. The ideals we propounded, the betterments we demonstrated, have become the accepted standards. This is the second time that a new HUDSON model has revolutionized the practice of the times.

We've Four Years' Start And 10,000 Endorsers

But we have been working four years on this car. We started two years before the first model came out.

We had Howard E. Coffin as chief of designing, and the foremost engineering corps in America worked with him. There were countless problems to solve, a thousand details to perfect. We had the time and the men to do it.

Now 10,000 Six-40's are running—5000 first-year models, 5000 or this. They are running in 43 countries. Together they have covered, probably, 25,000,000 miles.

The HUDSON Six-40 is an attained success. These cars for two

seasons, meeting every condition, have answered all questions about it. When we state to you now that this car is right there are ten thousand men to confirm it. And that is true of no other Light Six.

Consult Your Neighbors

Wherever you are there are HUDSON Six-40's. There are men who have tried them out. Consult them. They will tell you that this is their ideal car, and offer their records to prove it.

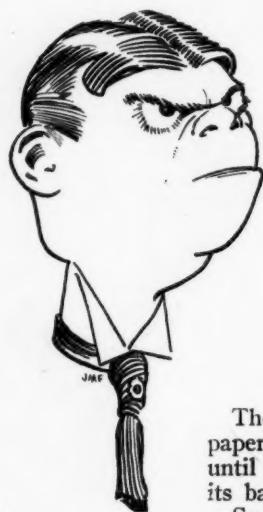
That verdict, ten thousand times repeated, is bound to be your verdict, after equal tests. You can see today that in beauty and luxury, in lightness and equipment, this car has no rival in its field. And time will show you that it has none in staunchness, service and economy.

7-Passenger Phaeton, \$1550 f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian Price, \$2100 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid. Four other styles of bodies.

HUDSON dealer service is ideal. It includes periodic inspection. And 800 of these service stations welcome HUDSON owners everywhere.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
 DETROIT, MICH.

HUDSON SIX-40 \$1550



There's Nothing In It

The rumor that LIFE intends to issue another humorous paper has of late been gathering force and persistence until we feel that something should be done to mitigate its baleful influence.

Such a story is calculated to do us great harm. It has encouraged a lot of idle people to scandalous gossip.

Once and for all, therefore, we declare that LIFE has no intention of issuing another humorous number. The last one almost swamped us.

This statement, coming direct from headquarters, ought to stimulate the hesitating ones to send in their subscriptions.

LIFE will, of course, occasionally print something laughable. This, even with the strictest vigilance, cannot always be avoided. We are all human.

By sending in one dollar (see coupon) you can, however, be reasonably certain that a three months' subscription to LIFE will be free from anything humorous. If you want to be cheered up, subscribe to the *Congressional Record*. That paper is full of humorous things. It's a good antidote to LIFE. Together they strike a fair average.

We have yearly subscriptions also, accompanied by a handsome premium picture. The price is about five dollars, but we refuse absolutely to give the extras for postage. We have no head for figures. We wouldn't remember such a fearful combination if we could. Only a commercial business office, which insists upon our printing the cheap-looking coupon at the right-hand bottom corner of this otherwise amusing page, would be guilty.

Twenty-five Dollars a Word to Contributors

In the next issue of LIFE will begin the most stupendous, thrilling, astounding, absorbing, amusing, fascinating and intensely emotional contest ever placed before the unsuspecting reader by the most reckless periodical. \$870 in prizes will be given to the contributors of the best title to a picture by Charles Dana Gibson. \$500 for the first prize of twenty words, or at the rate of \$25 a word. See next week's LIFE.

Special Offer

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York 81

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

viz.:-

ultima

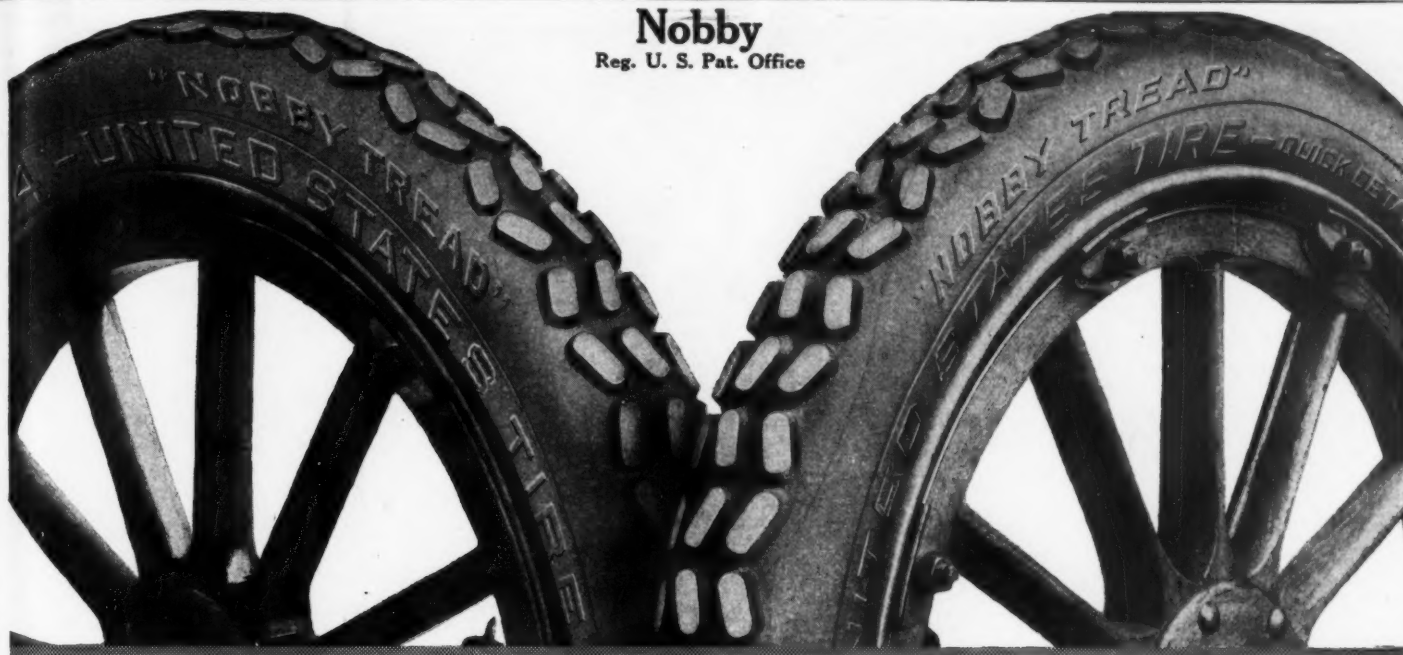
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Nobby
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office



Ask Veteran Car Owners

You see "Nobby Tread" owners on city streets and country roads all the time, anywhere and everywhere.

- ask them why they use "Nobby Tread" Tires,
- ask them why they buy the clothes they wear,
- ask them why they buy the food they eat.

The reason will be the obvious reason—the simple reason—the same reason why they buy the best of other things, viz.:—simply because they have learned that the best in tires like the best in everything is always the

Cheapest in the End

Automobile owners everywhere are rapidly learning to buy tires on a real business basis, viz.:—the basis of ultimate economy.

And remember this—investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

These are the reasons why "Nobby Tread" Tires are today the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world.

Based upon their remarkable mileage records

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

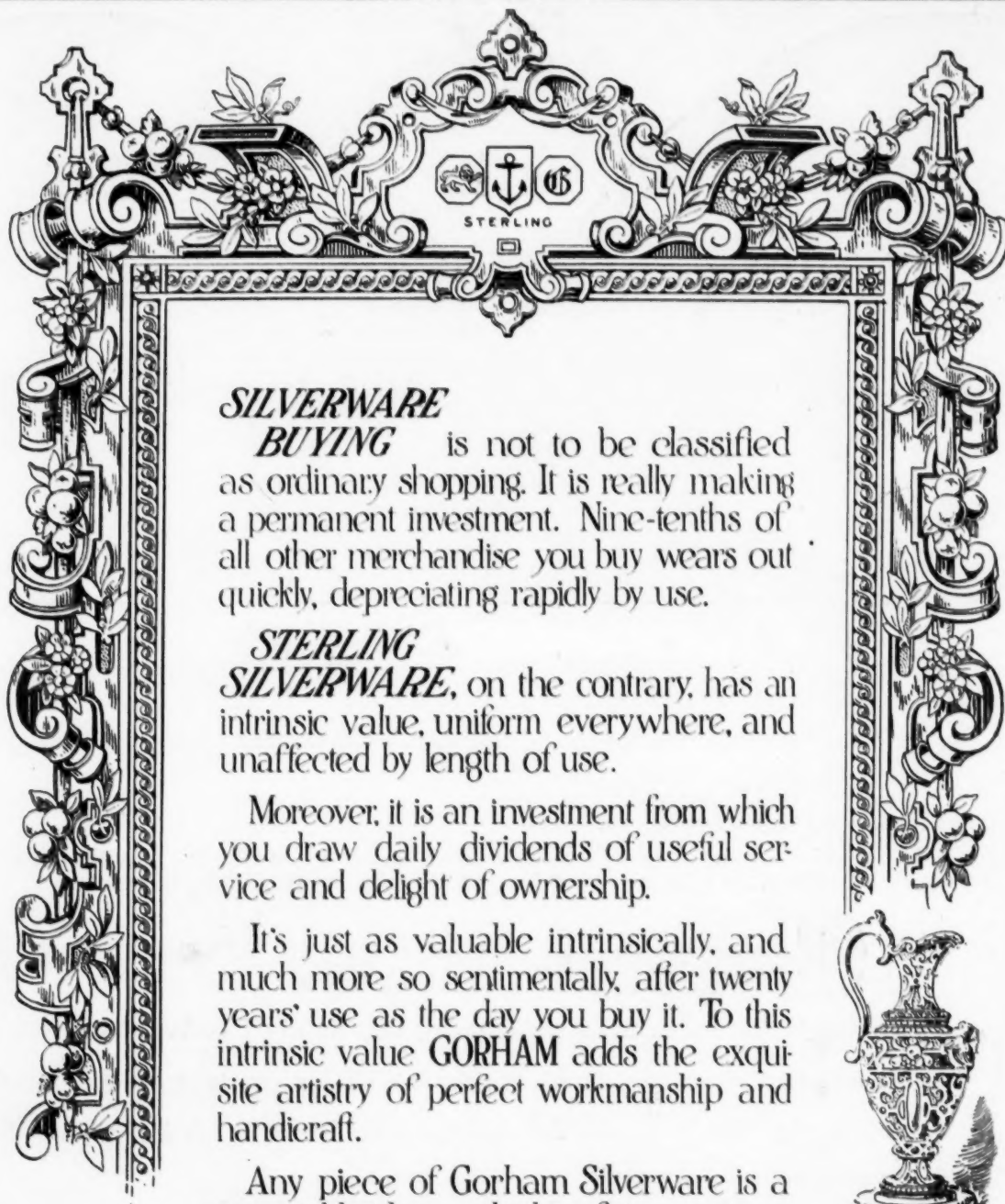
5,000 Miles



Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

United States Tire Company

NOTE THIS: Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.



SILVERWARE


BUYING is not to be classified as ordinary shopping. It is really making a permanent investment. Nine-tenths of all other merchandise you buy wears out quickly, depreciating rapidly by use.

STERLING SILVERWARE, on the contrary, has an intrinsic value, uniform everywhere, and unaffected by length of use.

Moreover, it is an investment from which you draw daily dividends of useful service and delight of ownership.

It's just as valuable intrinsically, and much more so sentimentally, after twenty years' use as the day you buy it. To this intrinsic value **GORHAM** adds the exquisite artistry of perfect workmanship and handiwork.

Any piece of Gorham Silverware is a potential heirloom which a future generation would highly prize.

 On every piece of Gorham Silverware this identifying trade-mark appears. Offered everywhere by leading jewelers.

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THE GORHAM CO.
SILVERSMITHS - GOLDSMITHS
NEW YORK

LIFE



A Dream Valentine

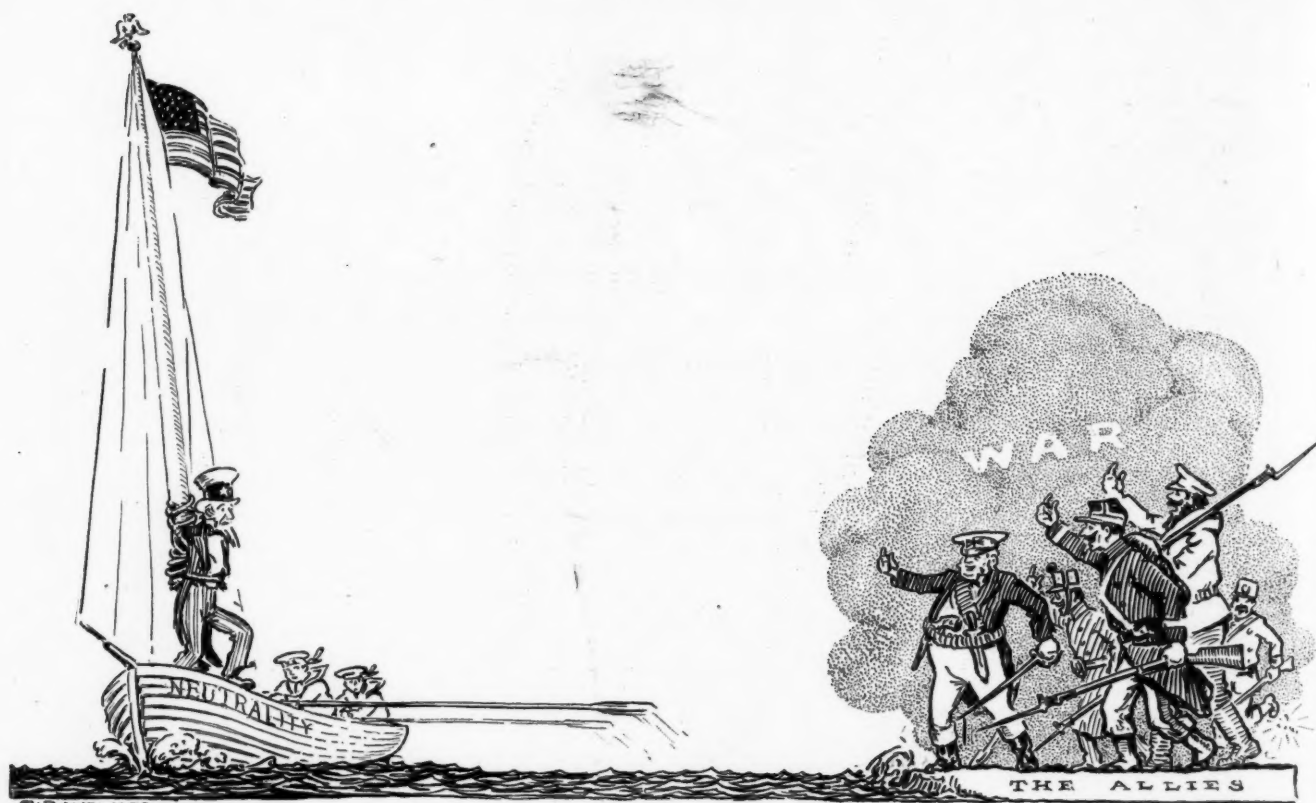
I HAVE dreams that the night discloses,
I have dreams that the day debars,
Of your lips that are crimson roses,
And your eyes that are jasmine-stars!
Sweet o' my heart, then lean above me
While the light of the Pleiad streams;
'Twill be rapture will you but love me,
Be it only in dreams!

I have dreams that the night discovers,
I have dreams that the day refutes,
Of your smile that about me hovers,
And your voice like the voice of lutes!
Sweet o' my heart, assuage my sadness
Ere the light of the morning beams;
Bring me glory and bring me gladness,
Be it only in dreams!

Clinton Scollard.



A LESSON IN ANCIENT HISTORY



ULYSSES AND THE SIRENS

"Going Down"

"BRING me an editor!"

The genie trembled as Aladdin, rubbing his lamp furiously, spoke.

"Excuse me, your honor, what kind of an editor?"

"Any kind, you idiot! They are all alike. But if you must be explicit, say the editor of a daily newspaper in a town of a million."

The editor was brought. Aladdin looked him over.

"Where do you get your information from?" he asked.

"Why, from headquarters," replied the editor in surprise.

"Explain yourself."

"If I want to know about banks I go to a banker; about medicine I go to a doctor; about railroads I go to a railroad president."

"Well, go on," said Aladdin.

"Sure," said the editor, becoming interested. "It's easy. If I want to

know about the weather I go to a weather man."

"And about stocks, to a stock broker?"

"Certainly; and about finance to a financier."

"That will do."

Aladdin rubbed again. The genie appeared.



THE MAN ON THE INSIDE

"Here, slave, take this editor away and drown him. He's out of place in our modern civilization. He's superfluous. He takes up room."

The editor squealed.

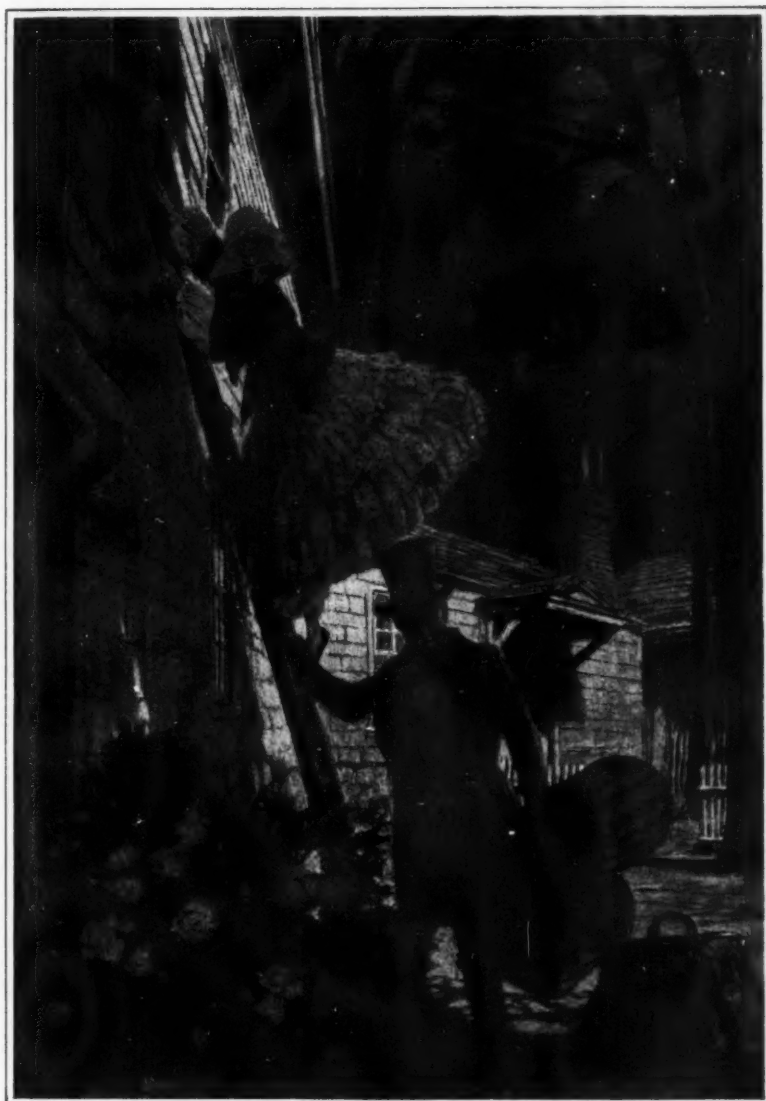
"What do you mean?" he asked. "How can they get along without me?"

This made Aladdin actually smile, as he motioned to the genie to put some cocoanut oil on the toboggan.

"My dear boy," he replied, "haven't you just admitted that your paper was run by bankers, railroad men, financiers, weather men and brokers? You made the mistake of not editing it yourself. Believe me, you won't be missed."

CRAWFORD: I understand that his matrimonial difficulties have been settled.

CRABSHAW: Yes; wife's relatives have agreed to maintain strict neutrality.



THE ELOPEMENT

Sally (in a stage whisper): DON'T YOU DARE LOOK UP, HENRY!

Unemployed

AN unemployed man is one who is consuming enough to keep him alive, but not enough to make him happy. He is losing the great moral effect and mental satisfaction of knowing that he is a functioning and useful part of the world's machinery. Some employer is losing the profit that is always presumed to accrue from an employee. Society is losing the benefit of the production that would come from the labor of this unemployed man.

Indeed, we have never seen the claim that anybody is benefited by enforced idleness, except, perhaps, for recreative and recuperative purposes, and yet our feeble political economists and our statesmen are unable to devise a system by which men who want to work can work.



FASHION NOTE
"WINTER NOVELTIES"

Song

THE lily chimes its silver bells
From dawn to dawn, the fairies
say.

Love, have we grown so old and
grey

We have forgot the elfins' play
And what their music tells?

The sky is turquoise blue above.
Why do we fling the hours away?
Since 'tis for happiness we pray,
My dearest, why do we delay
To grant a little time to love?

Leolyn Louise Everett.



Widow: I WONDER IF TOM WOULD
EXPECT ME TO KEEP ALL OF
HIS GRAVES GREEN?

The Countries and the Future

"RUSSIA has the greatest future of any country in Europe."

So says Mr. Barron, who writes in the *Wall Street Journal* about Russia in the war, and her enormous resources in lands and population.

We all know Russia is very big in territory, both in Europe and Asia. Russia has lots of room, lots of people, minerals, timber, farm lands, oil, everything modern civilization calls for. It is all a good deal in the rough, people included. It all needs development. But the materials, all of them, are very promising. Russia has needed access to the sea by convenient ports open at all seasons, and that she looks likely to get now as a result of this present war.

* * *

BUT, after all, all this comes to is having plenty of raw materials and room, and a hardy people who can stand punishment. China has the same, also in immense quantity, and China's future also looks very promising to observers. China, geared to the right ideas, will be a wonderful nation. Everyone says so who knows the Chinese. But it is all in this detail of being geared to the right ideas. Otherwise China might stand still for another thousand years, and Russia welter along from tyranny to tyranny, from pogrom to pogrom, with due proportion of her best in prison or in hiding, and the long procession of her progressives clanking on the road to Siberia.

Do we think that Russia's future is bright because she will be so strong that she can beat all comers and conquer the world? Some Germans take that view, and other people, English and others, whose idea of a great future is mixed up with the idea of universal domination. But that is not a thought that finds favor with sober, modern minds. The reason that Russia's future looks bright, and China's, too, is the same reason why the future of these States we live in looks fairly hopeful. It is because of confidence in a property that is held in common by all these countries, and all other countries that have true life in

them—confidence, that is, in the future.

* * *

THAT is the great property that belongs to all the peoples, the future, with its vast accumulation of knowledge of every kind, of dominion over all the resources of nature; with increased sense, in spite of this huge war that is going on, about many things connected with the contiguous life of various peoples on this globe. We are used to think of wheat fields and coal mines and iron mines and oil and gold and all the mineral products as wealth, and to think hopefully of the country whose confines contain them. But we are slower to estimate as wealth the progress that has been made towards freedom of human thought; that in civilized countries religious persecution is reduced almost to harmlessness; that witch-burning is dead; that folks are no longer put to death for doctrinal deviations; that slavery is pretty dead and its revival under modified forms is discouraged; that science is free to make all the discoveries and also all the mistakes that come in its way; that medical science is prolonging human life and the average vigor of it; that intoxicants are by way of being better understood and their mischief checked, and that there are fewer obstacles than there used to be to the development of human intelligence.

* * *

THE country that has the brightest future is not the biggest country nor the one that has the most natural wealth and the most people, but the one that gives promise of developing the best civilization and the best ideas. Out of this war that is going on we may fairly hope for such an issue that it will make less difference than it has been used to make whether a country is big or little, rich or poor. We may fairly hope for such a modification of national jealousies that small countries shall be as free as big ones to develop their talents and ideals; that the treasures of the earth, wherever deposited, shall be accessible to all peoples on reasonable terms; that



HIS JOB

trade shall be freer, and that we shall be rid for a long time to come, if not forever, of the idea that the advantage of one people is promoted by the disadvantage of another.

The world's great assets are not coal nor iron nor wheat nor cotton nor oil. They are faith and knowledge, and in these there is no exclusive property, and most of the dragons that have scared men away from them have been killed off. The country that has the greatest future is not necessarily the biggest or the one with the best physical endowments. It is the one that can develop the best government and the best religion. But to all countries belongs the future, painfully and marvelously constituted out of the struggles of the past, and they are all rich in that inheritance.

Edward S. Martin.

To College Debaters

COLLEGE debaters wishing to increase their repertoire of questions should turn their eyes toward Alabama. Alabama being the worst State in the Union for child labor and also the most illiterate, the question very easily and very naturally arises: Is child labor the cause of illiteracy or illiteracy the cause of child labor? Any debating society settling this question to its own satisfaction will kindly notify this office.



THE POTTER AND THE CLAY

The National Disease of Dilution

SOME people think that this age will be recorded in the annals of history as the Age of Advertising. Possibly. But is it not more likely that it will become known as the Age of Dilution? Anyone who supposes that it is an easy thing to acquire the art of dilution is unaware of the technique involved.

For instance, when Phidias built the Parthenon at Athens he built it in such a way that nothing could be added to it or nothing taken away from it without marring it. Consider what his amazement would be, therefore, if he should be a spectator to the architectural diluting process that has been going on ever since he erected those wonderful columns. And there is no end to this process. As long as houses are built Phidias's ideas will continue to be diluted.

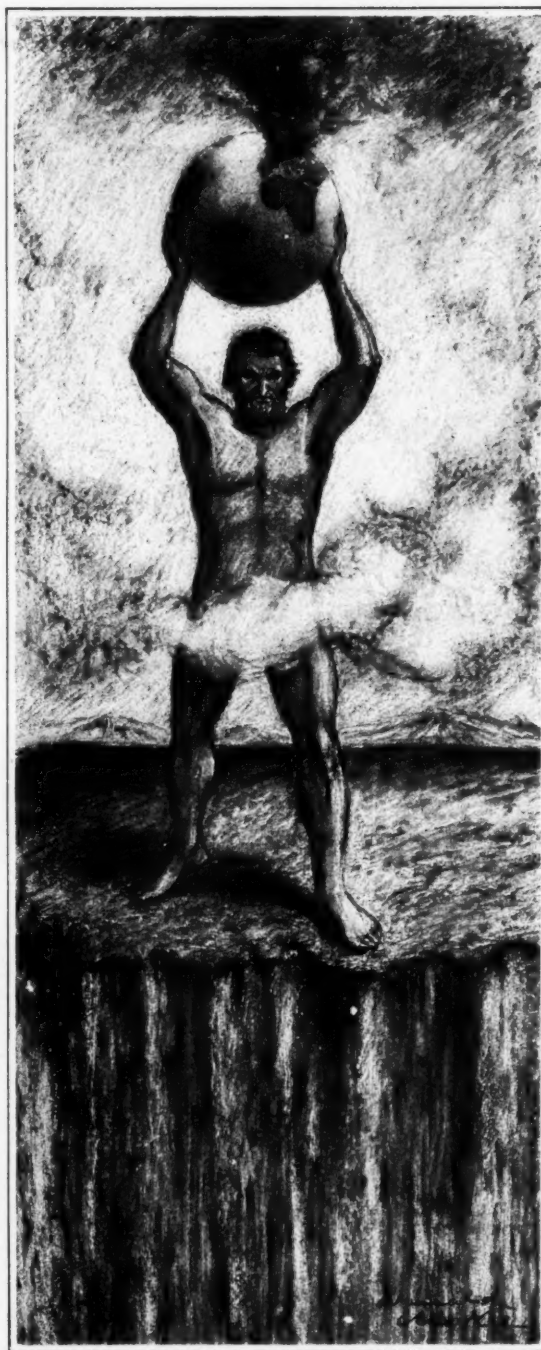
But perhaps the most extraordinary achievement in the process of dilution in modern times is shown by a single example—the average health magazine. The facts about one's health and about the constitution of the body are comparatively simple, and, as Voltaire says, to anyone over forty, a mere matter of ordinary intelligence. At any rate, nothing new has been discovered about the circulation of the blood since Harvey. Yet, month after month, with unflinching regularity, the physical culture magazines come out with startling news about one's health, dished up in every conceivable form and illustrated in every possible way. Every posture known to the human body, from dancing on one's toes to sliding off on one's ear, is faithfully and constantly set forth. As a mere achievement in ringing the changes on a time-worn subject, this would be hard to beat, either in the annals of literature or of pictorial misrepresentation. It is the *ne plus ultra* of the fine art of dilution.

Competition in Religion

ACCORDING to the reports in the papers, the trial merger between Mr. Rockefeller's Fifth Avenue Baptist Church and the Calvary Church, which began about ten months ago, has been dissolved with mutual expressions of respect. The same idea which, applied to oil, made Mr. Rockefeller so wealthy does not seem to have worked out with his church. Could it be called a combination in restraint of religion?

Complete monopoly of religion seems, indeed, as impossible as complete monopoly of trade. It has been tried many times, but has always failed. The Puritans thought they had succeeded. They would be interested, were they still alive (which God forbid!), to count up the number of religions in the Boston of to-day.

The manufacture of religions has, indeed, come to be an important industry. The small dealer ought not to be frozen out. Syndicated worship is unpleasant to contemplate.



"OBEY THAT IMPULSE!"



HARRISON PADY

SEEIN' THINGS AT NIGHT

"I Woke Up in the Dark and Saw Things Standin' in a Row,
A Lookin' at Me Cross-eyed, and Pintin' at Me So."

R. I. P.

MONDAY: Our army got up this morning, washed its face and hands and was taken out by its nurse for an airing. One lady even spoke to it pleasantly, saying, "You are such a nice-appearing little fellow. I am sure you will amount to something when you grow up."

TUESDAY: To-day our army was taken out and fitted to a brand-new khaki suit. It was delighted with this and clapped its little hands and laughed. Then it said, as it shouldered its gun, presented to it in the year 1865, or possibly '66: "Oh, nurse, now may I have some real bullets?" But the nurse shook her finger at our army and cried: "You mustn't think of such a thing, little one. Perhaps in two or three years from now, when Mother Congress begins to wake up from her nap, she will give you a couple of real bullets and a package of nitro-glycerine to play with; but—not now, not now."

WEDNESDAY: Our army was taken into Mother Congress to-day, and Mother Congress took the little fellow on her knee and patted it on the head and then sighed: "Oh, dear, if I could only keep him always just as little as he is now. I cannot bear to think of him as growing up. Dear little chap! You must be so careful not to run outdoors in the cold, and when you see any bad boys in the distance, don't waste a minute, but run



The Boy That Went Through the Ice: GEE, FELLOWS, THAT'S GREAT! NOW TURN ME OVER

right in the house to me. I'll shake my fists at 'em, and make 'em feel ashamed of themselves for scaring such a dear little fellow as you! Now, you mind, won't you?"

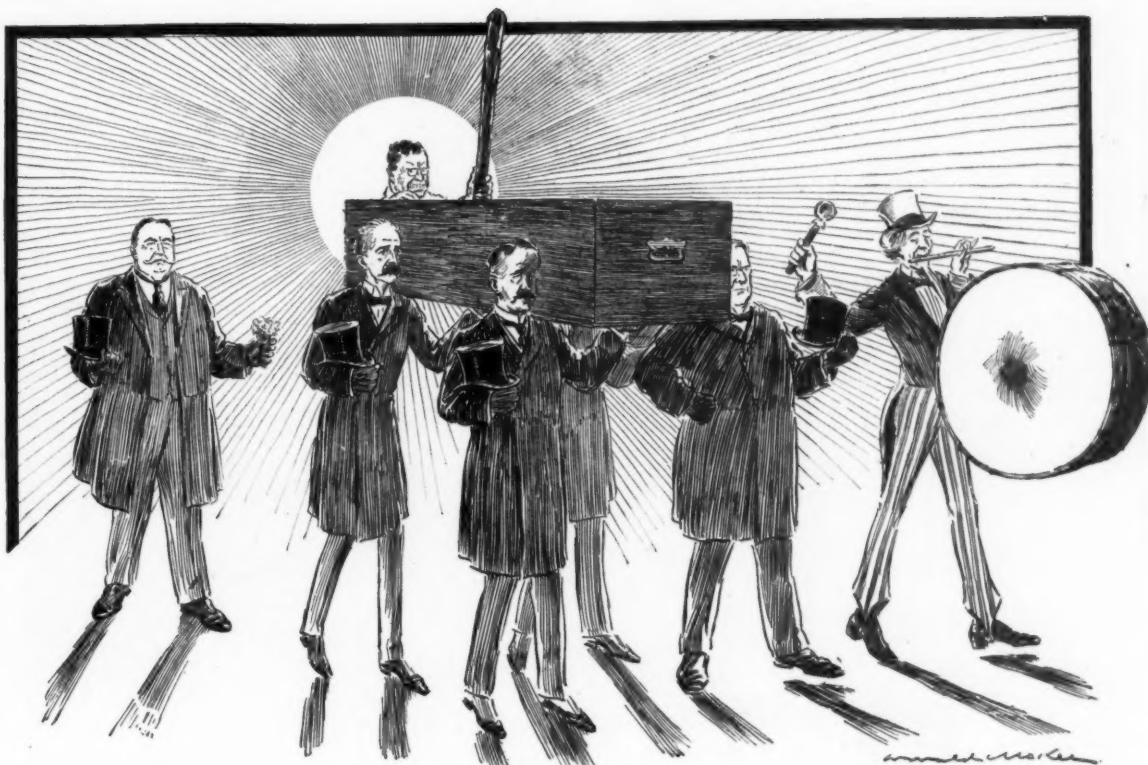
THURSDAY: Our army was indisposed to-day and had to have the doctor and a trained nurse and couldn't

take its daily drill, and the doctor said he was afraid it was due to eating some embalmed beef. Mother Congress was quite alarmed and actually stopped her knitting and said: "Dear me, whatever shall I do if I lose that boy?" But our army—who is really a brave little chap—only smiled and said: "Now, mother, you really mustn't fret about me, cuz some day I'll be a big man and be such a comfort to you in your old age." But Mother Congress only talked to herself—which the nice old lady does most of the time—and rocked and moaned and said: "He shan't grow up if I can help it." And then, not being able to stand her anxiety any more, she went out to a department store and bought a lot of new departments and spent a couple of billions more in little things she didn't really need, but wanted, just to relieve her mind. And when she got home that night and saw the little pale face so thin and sickly, she moaned and moaned and talked herself off to sleep at last.

FRIDAY: Our army was worse to-



THE BOSS



"Beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly,
Hum the Dead March as I'm carried along;
Take me to the graveyard and roll the sod o'er me,
For I was a cowboy, and I know I done wrong."
—Old Ballad.

day. All the other armies were respectfully requested not to beat any drums or fire off any siege-guns or march, as the slightest noise was dangerous to our army.

SATURDAY: There was a consultation to-day about our army, which resulted in a difference of opinion among the doctors. The Christian Scientist said there was nothing the matter with our army at all. "You only think you're sick," he said. One doctor, who was afterwards proved to be a quack, said that our army had been fed too long on Mellin's Food and needed the gold cure. But he was promptly excluded. Then the regular physicians came and took out the little fellow's appendix and tonsils and pumped him full of typhoid vaccine, and said he would feel better in the morning.

SUNDAY: Our army is still alive, but that is about all. Messages of

sympathy have been pouring in from all over. A dear friend in Germany, who has from the beginning been deeply concerned about our army, has just cabled: "I've watched the dear little army of yours from the beginning more closely than you will ever know, and have been afraid he could not live. But bear up, Mother. I will send over my little army to take his place. You shall not want for an army. Me and Gott will provide!"

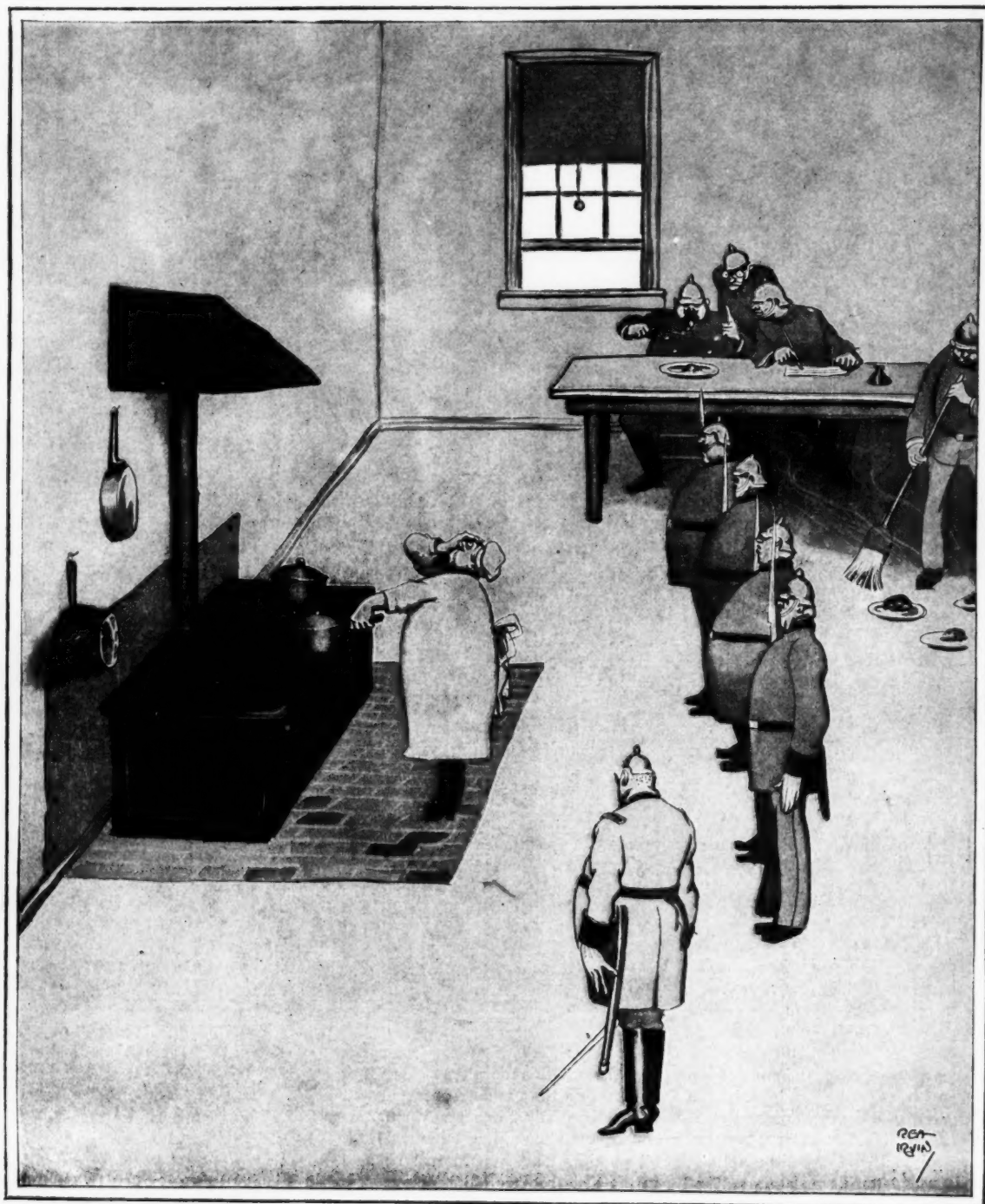
MONDAY: All is over. Our army passed away this morning. New York was ready to fire twenty-one guns, but there were only three ready and two rounds of ammunition, but they let it all go off. The funeral will be held in the little room off the Senate. No flowers. Berlin papers please copy. Interment private.

TUESDAY: Mother Congress is almost inconsolable over her loss. She

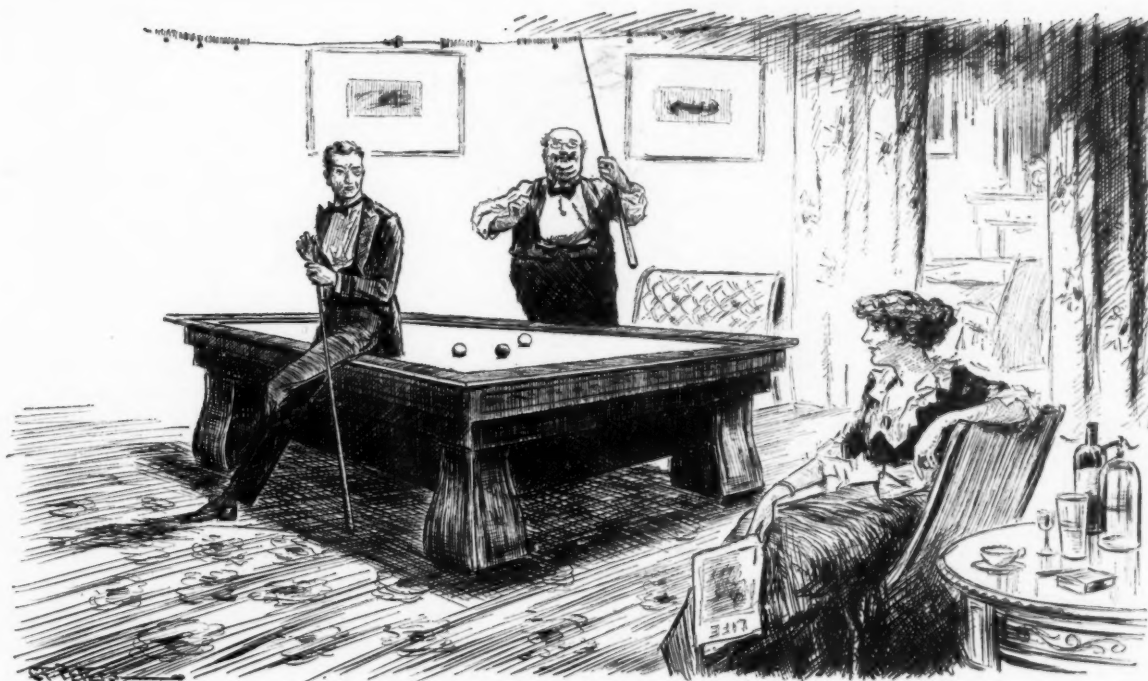
rocks and moans and talks to herself, saying continually: "I'll never raise another army!"



FULFILLED PROPHECY
"A woman shall compass a man"
Jer. 31:22



DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES
A FRENCH CHEF PREPARING WIENERSCHNITZEL MIT KARTOFFEL SALAD



BEFORE ASKING HER FATHER'S CONSENT GET HIM INTO A GOOD HUMOR

We Ought to Have It

SHOULD it not be a matter for general concern that a country which, in so many ways, is popularly supposed to be so far ahead of all other countries is in some respects not alive to its own duty? Consider that we have a national cemetery for the use of soldiers only, who have died a generation or more ago, and likewise consider that there is no national cemetery for those who are dying for their country all the time. What is the matter with our altruists or philanthropists?

Certainly we ought to have a national cemetery, where all those people who have been run over by railroad trains and automobiles, scalded and burned to death on steamers, prematurely killed in sweatshops, operated on by surgeons, and worried to death by reading the comic supplements can be collected together as a collective monument to modern science. The cemetery could be divided into various departments, labeled, for example, Plain Accidents, Complicated Accidents, Explosions, etc. Child Labor Victims could have a special section of their own, and no doubt Mr. John D. Rockefeller would be glad to contribute the land for a section devoted to Colorado miners—men, women and children.



THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER



A "LA TOSCA" AUDIENCE

(TO BE EN RÈGLE THIS SEASON GOWNS MUST ACCORD WITH THE MUSIC)

Snow

SNOW comes in crystals, flakes and balls. It varies in shade from white to black, according to its distance from Pittsburgh and Chicago. It is used on hills, branches of fir trees, roofs and in poetry; also under sleighs and sleds, and to ring bells. It sometimes performs a valuable service to the tired business man, who, having been previously informed by his family, friends and a few enemies that there is nothing like skating to bring the bloom of health to the cheek, arises reluctantly on the morning of the day set apart for this purpose, only to find that the snow hath fallen the evening before to the depth of three inches, covering the ice and thus aiding him in his secret desire to sit by the fire all day and smoke wicked cigars.

Singular Disappearance

PARTICULARS wanted of a medium-sized gentleman with a silver tongue and a pointed beard, partly bald, with a dome-shaped head and blue eyes. Was last seen coming out of the Adelphi Theatre, London. Was well known at one time, many people now claim a speaking acquaintance with him, but upon investigation their claims

are almost invariably proved to be false. Is not a college man and is uneducated; particularly poor speller; not used to the best society; has had trouble with his wife; was at one time in the real estate business; could not write on the typewriter, and is thought by many to have employed a man named Bacon to do his work; was fond of scenery, but used it scarce at all; liked to dress up boys in women's clothes to deceive the public; had few morals, and was loved entirely by disreputable people. Traces of him have been discovered in London, Berlin, Copenhagen and even in Boston. Answers to the name of William Shakespeare.

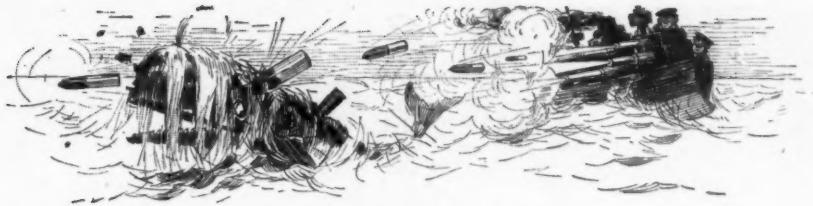
From Another Angle

NODD: The only criticism I have to pass on women is that they are never ready to take the initiative.

TODD: I wish you would accompany me to my home some evening after I have been out with the boys.

20624

WANTED—By the common citizen, a chance for happiness. Kings, reformers, orthodox ministers, militarists, socialists, ex-Presidents, business trusts, Secretaries of State (unfermented), politicians and exalted editors need not apply.



BRITISH SAILORS SEE A SUBMARINE

January



DISGUISED GERMANS USE AMERICAN PASSPORTS



POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT TO START AN AIR LINE.



FRENCH FIRM HOLDS A DIRECTORS MEETING

ONE GOOD TERM DESERVES ANOTHER



GOING UP!



LOBSTERS AND GUINEA PIGS FOOD FOR SOLDIERS.



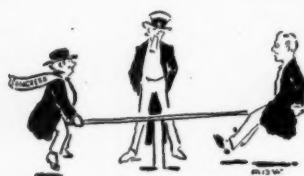
FEBRUARY 11, 1915

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Office, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

SOMETIMES when one eats some novel combination of food, he finds in it a familiar flavor which he cannot at once place, and keeps tasting it and calling on his alimentary experience to tell him what it tastes of. Presently it will come to him that the puzzling novelty in the ice cream that is so familiar is beans, or that the round, potato-like balls in the salad are African melon.

So it was in tasting President Wilson's address on business (January 29) to the members of the American Electric Railway Association. One said: "Certainly this is a very nice address, but what is there about it that is so familiar?" These four rules of business are very nice rules, but what is the association that haunts them so curiously? After a period of rummaging in the subconscious mind, or wherever it is that the suggestions imparted to us are stored, the answer came in a flash, as such answers do. "Why, this speech to the trolley-road men is an old friend in a new hat. It is our dear old companion, the Address of Welcome to the Freshmen Class. See the four rules: Rise early, boys; drink light; trust the faculty, for they are your best friends, and whatever you do, do it with all your might and for the credit of the college which is so desirous to help you."

It is always a happiness to meet an old friend, especially when he seems healthy and solvent and has attained to distinction. The Address to the Freshmen Class never looked better.

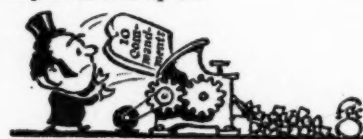
The President welcomed the trolley-road men to a business about to hum after being carefully cleaned up during the vacation. The four rules that he imparted to them are: (1) The rule of publicity; let us see how you do it. (2) Give good value for what you take; no skipping. (3) Have conscience in business; a pride in doing the thing as it ought to be done. (4) Have the spirit of service, so that, however great your profits, you may feel that you have earned them.



CERTAINLY these are excellent rules. A great deal of business has been done in times past in accordance with them, and a vast deal, so accordant, will be done, let us all hope, in the future. Nevertheless, there was a point on which the President touched in his address which perhaps the business men might have been glad to have him linger on somewhat further. He spoke in discussing rule three of "a certain feeling that we are, after all, in this world because we are expected to make good according to the standards of the people we live with", and he went on to say:

That, after all, gentlemen, is the chief compulsion that is laid on all of us. I am not aware of being afraid of jail. I do not feel uneasy when I pass a penitentiary, but I would feel extremely uneasy if I knew I had done something which some fine, honorable friend of mine would condemn if I passed before him. That is what we are afraid of, and that is what we ought to be afraid of.

Now, one of the hitches about business—so we learn from our Republican friends—is that so many business men are in a less fortunate state than Mr. Wilson, in that they are aware of being afraid of jail, and not for any cause which their fine, honorable friends would condemn, but for actions well up to the standard of the people they have lived with, but apparently contrary for the time being to the standards that folks they do not live with, nor especially respect, have contrived to have embodied in legislation. This confusion of standards and application of laws, based, say, on the standards of people in Texas to the behavior of people, say, in Connecticut, with resulting fear of jail to folks in Connecticut heretofore supposed to be honest, is doubtless still quite a trial to business. Mr. Wilson says, in effect, that all standards have now been standardized; that there is a new atmosphere of business; that Congress has made all necessary definitions, and that "the mists and miasmic airs of suspicion that have filled the business world have now been blown away". That is fine, if true, and if the Clayton Act has done it, it is a grand act. But indicted people and their friends are excusable if they are still coy and wary of attempting new feats of money-making and disposed to hold off and live on their fat until somebody else has demonstrated what a business man can do without becoming "aware of being afraid of jail", and whose standards it is that we must expect to live up to.



WHETHER the trolley-road men who sat under President Wilson's discourse felt themselves enlightened by it about business they have not disclosed. What Mr. Wilson does not know about business, even after Mr. McAdoo has given him full information, would doubtless fill quite a large book. When he talks about business, one is apt to feel that it is an astronomer lecturing on chemistry. But does that greatly matter?

To our mind, it doesn't. What we



"WHEN { TOMMY LEOPOLD KARL
FRANÇOIS MICHA MORITZ
ALEXIS TETSUMA ABDUL } COMES MARCHING HOME "

wanted in the White House when we elected Mr. Wilson was an astronomer, not a chemist. We did not elect him for business reasons, nor because of his reputation as a money-maker. We elected him to get certain things done, whether they helped business or hurt it. He has got them done. With his persistent help and under his leadership the tariff has been revised downward, the currency system has been reconstructed, and the Sherman Law has been defined by additional legislation. The consequences of all these exploits, even of the Clayton Act, are chargeable to us. If they help business, it's our luck; if they hurt it, it's our fault. Either way, it's not Dr. Wilson's lookout. He did not guarantee a cure. It was no part of his contract with us to guarantee good business.



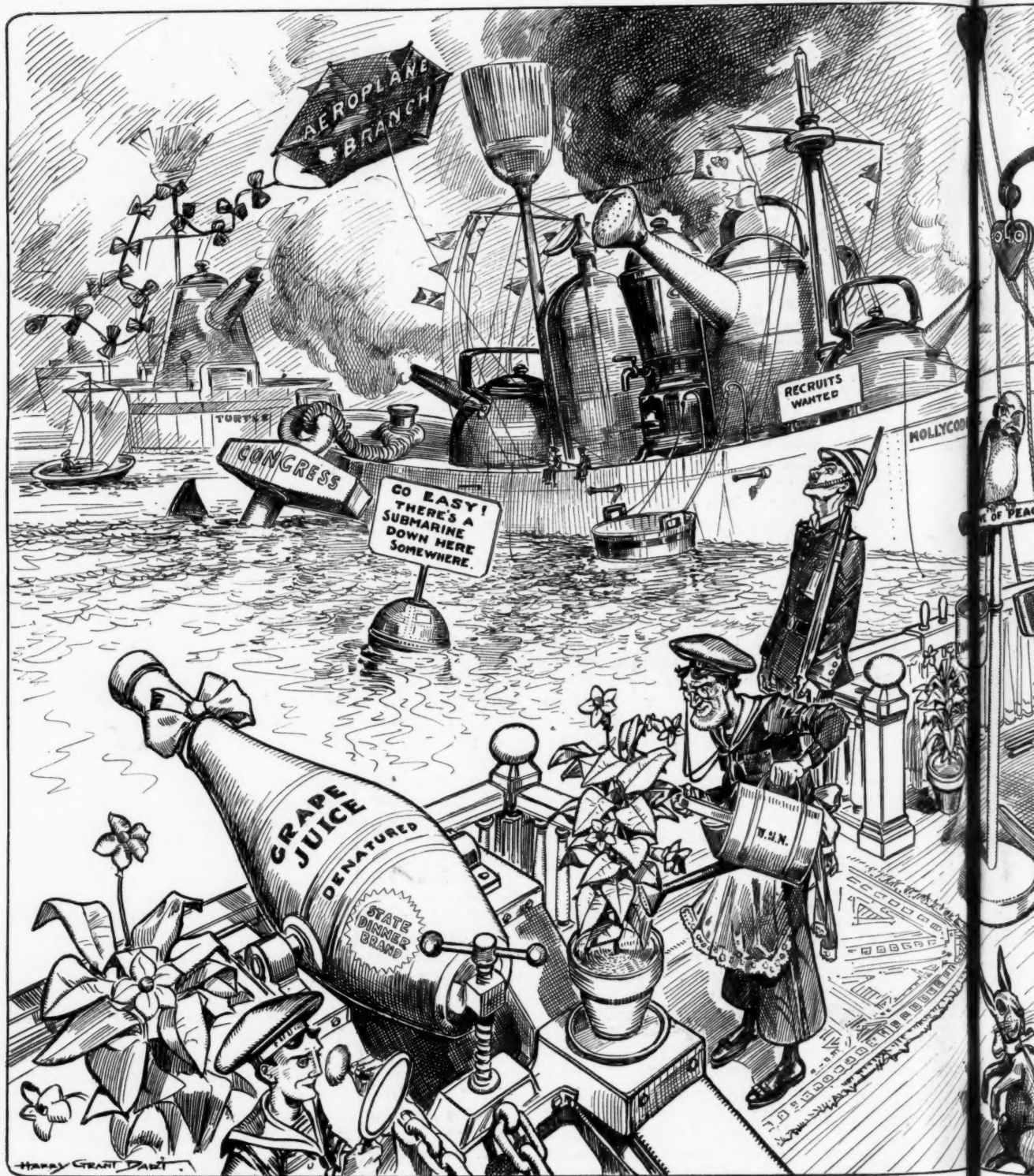
THE Republican statesmen are busy just now proclaiming that business is the American Belgium, ravaged already by the Democratic Huns, and worse to come, with the shipping bill as its forerunner. They are very lucky men, in that they can howl for a year and eight months without fear of being burdened with governmental responsibility. That is lucky for them, because it is a bad time to carry the load of government. It is bad because

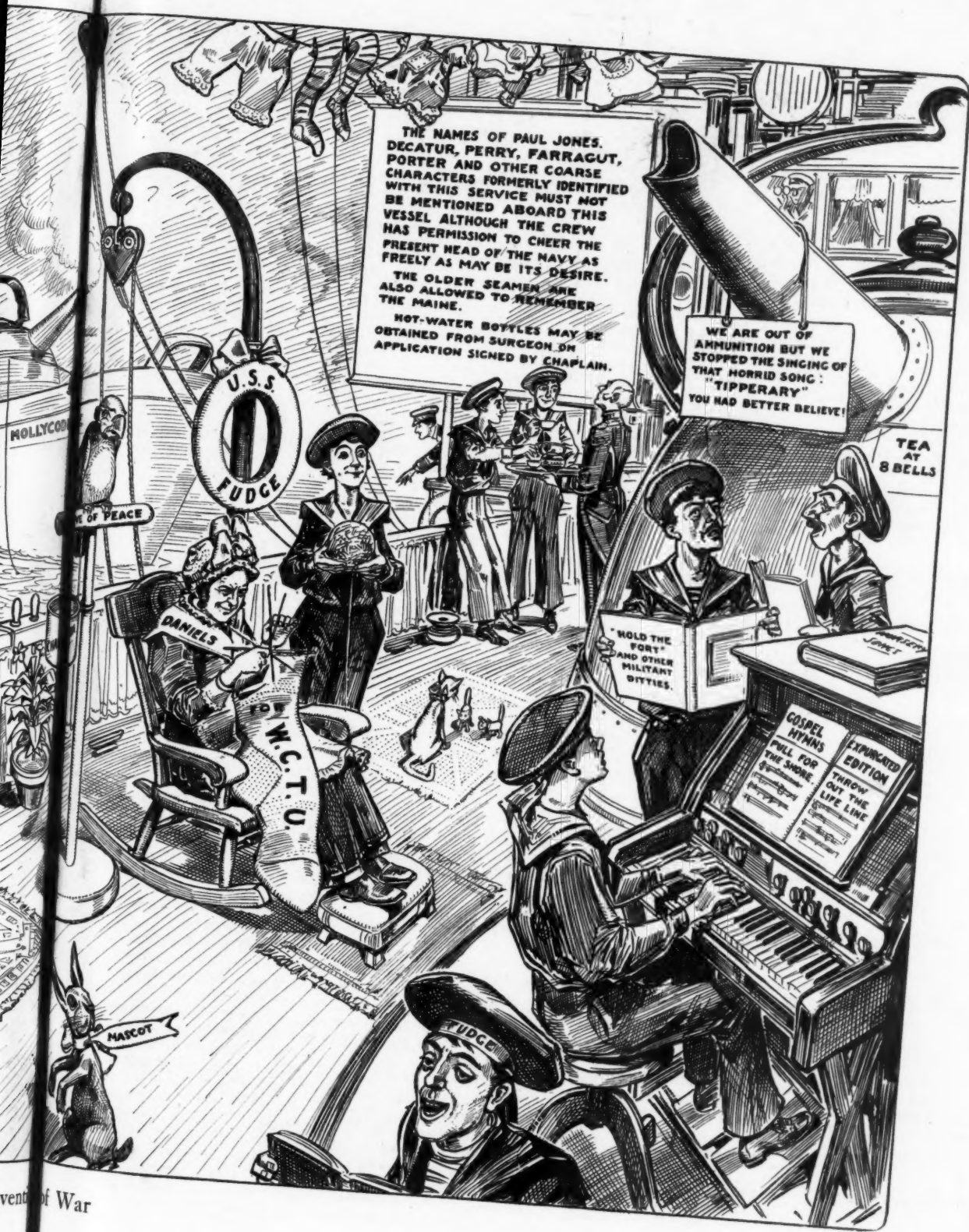
the acceleration of everything in all civilized countries in the last forty years has overstrained the apparatus for distribution in the world. Enormous increases in wealth, population and productive power have set people to quarreling all over the earth as to their respective shares of what there is, just as heirs quarrel when a rich estate is being divided. In Europe the people are killing one another as fast as possible (depopulation being assisted by earthquakes) and destroying property, and production of all kinds is so much reduced that a general prevalence of starvation may finally help to the restoration of order. Here, where the squabble has been going on for fifteen years, and is not complicated by predatory neighbors, we seem likely to get off easier, suffering nothing much worse than disturbance of industry and more or less discomfort from the use of remedies prescribed for our ailments.

For our part, we would quite as soon rub along through this troubled period under Mr. Wilson and the Southern statesmen who assist him as under any other government that we can think of. Mr. Wilson can sit as tight as most people, and what we most want is some one who can sit tight. Our national treasury is running empty, and that will help to stay the efforts of the Southern and Western statesmen to improve our conditions. Mr. Burleson, of Texas, has run behind about thirty million dollars

in the Post Office, and will not immediately be able to confer upon us government telephones. He may even be obliged to restrict the great parcel post blessing that he has bestowed on us, largely at the cost of the railroads, but so considerably also at our own expense. Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Redfield may not involve us in serious hostilities, even if their shipping bill goes through. It is a great boon for us to have the energies of all these improving gentlemen restrained a little by the low state of the treasury which is a result of the bashful state of commerce, which results from the diversion of so many workers from industry to destruction, which results directly and obviously from the immense overdoing of business, especially by the Germans and their prodigious effort to find out whether a conquered earth would be a good market for their goods.

A sufficient lull in business to starve a crazy world back to its senses may not come altogether amiss. At any rate, in so far as it comes, it comes because the world is crazy, and not because Mr. Wilson is President. If it is necessary that a certain proportion of the most active business-doers in the world shall be killed off so that the rest of mankind may have a chance to live, we shall have to bow to that necessity, and so will Mr. Wilson, and not even his four excellent rules will rid us of the hardships of that compulsion.







Christians in Eras Far Apart

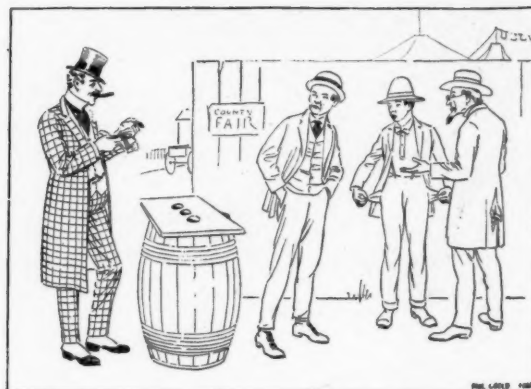


THE barbarism of the German Uhlan, the pious cruelty of the Christian Catholic nun—it was between these two grindstones that poor, little, ignorant and superstitious lay-sister *Marie-Odile* met her fate. Perhaps Mr. Edward Knoblauch, author of the new Belasco-produced play, did not himself realize just what he embodied in his dramatic contrast of those two great forces that have worked so long to make human misery—the brute law of militarism and the pitiless cruelty of the religious bigot. Mr. Knoblauch in his play has not softened the former with the thinnest veil of sentiment; the latter he has made more than usually repulsive, because he gives only the faintest indication of the pity that even the hardest of women have for other women in their hour of greatest need. In the indifference of the brave soldier and the heartlessness of the sweet-faced nuns, when they threw *Marie-Odile* and her baby unprotected into the world, the author has, perhaps unconsciously, drawn a graphic indictment against two great institutions, both based on the fostering of ignorance. Soldier and nun are both survivals of the dark ages, which, in spite of the present-day resort to brute force, are very slowly but none the less surely bound to give way to the spread of human enlightenment.

AFTER all, "*Marie-Odile*" is only a play, and is to be considered more as a source of amusement than as an essay on world conditions. There is in the birth of *Marie-Odile's* baby a suggestion of one of the most strongly denied tenets of the Catholic faith, and the implied incredibility of the situation is not softened by any poetical atmosphere supplied by the author. What there is of this comes from the simple and delightful personification of the ignorantly helpless heroine by Frances Starr, the religious atmosphere supplied by Mr. Belasco's staging, this last emphasized by the contrast in the military picturesqueness of the Uhlan invaders of the cloistered sweetness.

The piece seems to contain causes for offense to both Germans and Catholics. A German Catholic might find difficulty in staying through the play. Not any of these are largely represented among New York theatregoers, and others will probably find "*Marie-Odile*" a moderately interesting drama, excellently presented by a good company, and with all Mr. Belasco's usual attention to theatric effect.

AT last the Granville Barker methods have been displayed to us in two exemplars. The result does not seem likely to shake the theatrical firmament from its foundations. The whole idea of the threatened revolution seems to be to



"THREE SHELLS WERE SUFFICIENT TO CLEAN OUT THE VILLAGE"

substitute one set of stage conventions for another. This does not give reason for terror nor for vast congratulation. The exchange of the method of lighting, making crudity take the place of finish of detail, giving us stage-pictures and groupings composed in one way instead of another, the carrying of the apron out over the orchestra pit so as to allow greater vistas and more freedom of action, these innovations are many of them more freakish than important.

Without the Barker novelties the curtain-raiser, an archaic morsel suggested to Anatole France by a passage in Rabelais, would hardly have arrested the attention. It shows the plight of a man with a dumb wife, who has her cured of her dumbness only to find himself worse off with his wife's joy in the continuous use of her new-found voice.

THE main interest is in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "*Androcles and the Lion*". With each programme there is handed out a guide-book to the play, written for Americans by Mr. Shaw, who is always happy to be his own Baedeker. It may be a guide-book or an apology, but in the facts that it was written for Americans and that it purports to tell them how to understand the play, it seems a bit ungrateful on the part of Mr. Shaw thus to belittle the intelligence of the public which first gave him his vogue as a writer for the stage.

In the nature of apology Mr. Shaw warns us that we must not attempt to classify "*Androcles and the Lion*" under any of the old heads, and it must be admitted that it would puzzle even *Polonius* to give it its proper designation.

If one tries to accept it as a bit of intellectual fooling with an old fable, one is suddenly brought up against an arraignment of the Christian religion, and then is suddenly diverted from whatever feeling that inspires to an interest in the details of the interior management of the gladiatorial games. So it goes, from fun to earnest, from beginning to end, the finish leaving one in a condition of puzzlement where Mr. Shaw's guide-book should be an aid to understanding instead of a bit of the author's clever self-advertising.

In staging, Mr. Barker's innovations do not detract from interest in the play itself. The handling of arena scenes is ingeniously contrived for the purposes of the play, although entirely lacking in any suggestion of the immensity of the Roman spectacles. The cast is well chosen, from Lillah McCarthy, with her delightful diction, in *Lavinia*, down to Mr. Phil Dwyer's most intelligent and lovable lion.

MARIE CAHILL and Mr. Richard Carle have joined forces to good purpose. They are excellent foils for each other, and in "Ninety in the Shade" they have a girl-and-music show quite a way off the beaten track, an always-

agreeable surprise when one is expecting to hear the same old thing done in the same old way. The company is a good one, the palm for musical accomplishment going to Mr. Martindel and for statuesque stature to Jean Newcomb.

Although the scene is laid in the Philippine Islands, the t. b. m. need not fear that "Ninety in the Shade" will feed him up with any dry statistical and geographical information about Uncle Sam's island possessions. *Metcalfe.*



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Astor.—"Hello, Broadway!" Very funny musical travesty for those who have seen the plays produced in New York this season and who are familiar with the personal affairs of Mr. William Collier and of Mr. George M. Cohan, the author of the piece. To other spectators it may seem mystifying and a bit stupid.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Marie-Odile", by Edward Knoblauch. See above.

Booth.—"Children of Earth." The prize play, by Alice Brown, which presupposes that everyone is interested in the abnormality of narrow New England village types, including the New England spinster. Well staged and played, but not important.

Candler.—"On Trial" A criminal trial turned into vivid melodrama by a new method of developing the plot. Interesting and well staged.

Casino.—"Experience." The picturesque possibilities of the modern stage applied to the allegorical form of the morality play. Interesting in a spectacular way, but not intellectual.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." The art of advertising turned into material for a very amusing and well-acted farcical comedy.

Comedy.—"The White Feather." Notice later.

Cort.—"Under Cover." Smuggling as it is done in polite society and the methods in which it is handled by the Customs House made the basis of a very amusing melodramatic comedy.

Eltinge.—"The Song of Songs." A play which has made its success by its appeal to the prurient-minded. Well staged and well acted, but certainly not for the young person.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Shadow". An interesting play of matrimonial difficulties with the domestic triangle put on a rather novel footing. The star achieving some of the possibilities of a powerfully emotional rôle.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Law of the Land." Absorbing melodrama of murder in modern domestic surroundings lightened up by humorous satire of police methods.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. Robert Mantell in Shakespearean repertory. Notice later.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." An amusing and well-presented farce carrying a moral for members of the sterner sex who return home in a condition of not knowing whether they are in their own flats or in some one's else.

Gaiety.—"Daddy Long-Legs." A clean, wholesome and pathetic little comedy dealing with the life story of a girl who was born a foundling.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Extremely well-staged and well-done musical extravaganza, with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as the stars.



AT 10



THE SIZE OF THE DOLLAR

AT 20



AT 40

Harris.—Margaret Illington in "The Lie", by Henry Arthur Jones. An interesting and well-played drama of English domestic life, showing that sisterly affection may sometimes be not exactly what it seems to be.

Hippodrome.—New Winter Circus. The biggest of New York's playhouses turned over to a really good circus of the old-fashioned kind.

Hudson.—"The Show Shop," by Mr. James Forbes. Amusing and well-acted exploitation of the secrets connected with play-producing.

Knickerbocker.—Marie Cahill and Richard Carle in "Ninety in the Shade". See above.

Little.—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." Nice little English farce nicely done by a thoroughly nice English company.

Longacre.—Moving pictures.

Lyceum.—"Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis. A most interesting drama of bachelor life in London; extremely well acted by a good company headed by Elsie Ferguson and Mr. Charles Cherry.

Lyric.—"The Only Girl." A really truly musical comedy, with tuneful score by Victor Herbert, and additional fun turned into an old vehicle by Mr. Henry Blossom.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Life." Elaborate spectacular melodrama following the methods of the Drury Lane productions, but with the material and scenes entirely American.

Marene Elliott's.—Moving pictures of South American animal life.

Park.—"Polygamy." Very interesting and well-played drama with the possibilities of plural marriage under Mormon rule as its topic.

Playhouse.—"Sinners," by Mr. Owen Davis. An old-style melodrama once more demonstrating the great truth that all city people are bad and that all country people are good.

Princess.—Brieux's stupid "Maternity" at matinées and Sheridan's "The Critic" evenings. The Sheridan classic well performed and quite as laugh-inspiring as the comedies of to-day.

Republic.—"Kick In." Slangy but interesting and amusing drama of criminal and police methods.

Shubert.—"To-night's the Night." Girl-and-music show direct from London and, although slight in material, charmingly presented.

Thirtieth Street.—Marie Dressler in "A Mix-up". The star pretty much the whole performance, which means that if you like Marie Dressler and her methods you will like this show a whole lot.

Wallack's.—Granville Barker's production of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion", with a curtain-raiser by Anatole France, entitled "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife". See above.

Winter Garden.—"Dancing Around," with Al Jolson as the star. Last week of this aggregation of chorus girls, comedians and rag-time designed to relieve the t. b. m. of his brain-fag. But do not be unduly disheartened, t. b. m. There's another one coming.



"G'WAY FUM ME, YO' LI'L' BRACK RASCAL!"

As Good as Any

HERE is a valuable hint to serum manufacturers from the *Portland Daily Press*:

Now that we have a turtle serum for tuberculosis and a rabbit serum for cancer, who will get up a kangaroo serum for a jumping toothache?

There are large profits in serums, and one kangaroo ought to furnish a great many gallons.

Is it about fifty cents a drop that patients pay for serum?

A Man of Real Character

BRIGGS: Bilter is reliable, isn't he?

GRIGGS: Remarkably so. I found out that the salary he said he was getting was only about one-half as large again as it really is.

For the Sufferers

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS below include sums received at LIFE office to February 1st, inclusive:

Previously acknowledged	\$4,595.33
A Poker Kitty, The Boulevard, Hampton, Va.	5.00
A Friend, Portland, Me.	6.00
W. B. R., Pasadena, Cal.	5.00
Kenosha, Wis.	1.00
Box 704, Rochester, N. Y.	20.00
James J. Drummond, Lake Forest, Ill.	10.00
	<hr/>
	\$4,642.33

Also a box of knitted articles from E. G. Humphreys, Morristown, N. J.

LIFE is informed that the clogging of the docks at Havre, owing to the lack of laborers and the use of the railways for military purposes, makes it impossible to distribute goods for the sufferers in France with any sort of promptness. On that account we have decided to make no more shipments.

For the same reason, we have decided to turn over the funds remaining in our hands to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, at 71 Broadway, New York City. This organization includes all the principal commissions for relief, and has the very best methods for learning what aid is most needed and where, for the purchase of the proper supplies at the lowest cost, and for their prompt shipment and distribution.

LIFE's readers are advised, therefore, that we can receive no further contributions, except to be turned over to the commission. Contributions should be only in the form of money or exchange, and sent directly to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, 71 Broadway, New York City.

STATEMENT

Total receipts as shown above	\$4,642.33
Remitted to Mrs. Duryea, through American Ambassador and direct....	\$580.33
Expended for shawls, union suits, stockings and sweaters, divided between Dinard and the sufferers in Belgium....	2,250.64
Expended for food forwarded to Belgium	918.00
Transferred to the Commission for Relief	893.36
	<hr/>
	\$4,642.33

In addition, Mrs. Duryea acknowledged under date of November 24, 1914, receipt of cash contributions amounting to \$1,730 and numerous packages of clothing. As yet her accounting of sums received by her in Dinard after that date has not yet reached us, but it will be printed in LIFE as soon as received.

It will be seen that LIFE's readers have contributed considerably more than six thousand dollars in cash, besides many useful articles, towards the alleviation of the tremendous suffering caused by the war. The need is by no means past. Our readers have the consciousness of having given quickly and that their contributions have been given practical form. This should not deter them from giving further aid through the Commission for Relief.



AMERICAN BEAUTY

"THAT'S WHAT A WOMAN GETS FOR EMBRACING HER OWN HUSBAND. I TORE MY HAND
ON THAT SCARF-PIN"

"SO SORRY. BUT YOU KNOW, DARLING, NEVER THE ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORN"

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

Comical Valentine Poem Full of Literary Rebukes

To Editor "Life Magazine" who are like German army, cultured and killing at same moments.

DEAREST SIR:—

In sacred territory of Japan, during early prune-blossom time of Spring, it are customary for all Japanese poets to assemble themself under tree, drink celebrated gin-wine until quite elegant, then write poetry about how they feel.

Hon. Valentine date are now approaching up. There are no poetry growing in America, yet passionate weather of February give me sensation of prunes, so I shall write rhythmical sing-song which would sound delicious in Japanese.

JAPANESE SONNET SUITABLE FOR
VALENTINE.

O-Fujiyama-san!

O-Hashimura-san!

Hara-kiri,

Wassa-marra-you?

No go.

"O postal pidgeon,

Sperching on kitten-willow bow

With business-depression expression of wing,

(Due to European war),

Will you carry for me

Few valentinish poetries

To personalities

I love?"

Hon. Pidgeon

Make dum-dum flip of feathers

And report,

"So sorry, no can do.

High cost of flying

Have made it impossible for me to flutter freely

As of yore.

Howeverly,

I shall be entirely joyful to help you wrote some delicious

Insults

In music of Valentine

To certain personalities

We read about in news."

I say thank-you to that talented chicken.

"Which we write first?"



"O postal pidgeon, sperching on kitten-willow bow"

I ask to know.

"In insults," he derange with peep,

"It are regarded respectful to commence

With Pres. of U. S."

So I scratch-out this poetickal thought with ink,

"O Hon. Woodrow Wilson, you are considerable smart Professor and I wish you teach Japanese school-boy some education. Please send diagram, chart & thumb-index together with weather-signals, semaphores and Aztec translations, so I can study how you are going to make peace in Mexico. When Hon. Villa get to be Pres by shooting Hon. Carranza, and Hon. Zapata obtain highest office in gift of Mexican people by stabbing Hon. Villa at kneck, and somebody else displace Hon. Zapata by poisoning, then how much nearer you get to Peace? Can Peace be obtained by making Presidents chase them-

selves around in circles? I ask to know! Do kindness pay? Perhapsly. But your kindness are being payed in Mexican currency. Rebuke!"

Hon. Postal Pidgeon

Hear this comical valentine and schrooch out,

"Very smart poetry!

But I got more detestable sing-song."

So he scroll following rhythm with his sharp finger-nail:

"O Gov. Whitman of N. Y.

How do you do!

Perhapsly you will make good Chief Exec for the Umpire State.

Perhapsly not.

It all depends on what you do.

Some personalities says you did your obvious duty in sending gun-shoot men to electrified jail.

Other personalities says the way you did it were too darnly obvious.

Mean-croaking knock-birds continue to decry that if you had executed all Tammany gun-shooters in N. Y. you would need wireless apparatix to electrify men so high up.

I think you very fine man,

Mayhaps.

But will you please show it officially?

Maybe you will fill Hudson River with soap and squirt it at your own Party.

Maybe you won't.

Anyhow,

I leave N. Y. State to you

And hope you can accomplish more with it than I can."

Nextly I whistle in sweet musical:

"O N. Y. Subway,

I admire you for your ponderosity of engineering miraculously,

The workmanship of your wheels,

The giganteriferous roary-strength with which you go off,

Your officency in getting there,

The admirabilious size & beauty of construction,

The rapid long-rangeness with which you can shoot from Harlem to Battery,



"Geo. M. Cohan are forsacking serious dramatic art"

The tremendous science with which professors of knowledge has built you to be more durable than pyramids.

In all respects mentioned above, I also admire Krupp field guns. I ask to enquire. Why are Subway like Krupp gun? I answer, Hon. Primrose. Because both is greatest achievement of modern times And neither Can restore to life the people they kills. Croak!"

Hon. Postal Pidgeon nextly tune up his harmonious bill:
"How do,



"AND THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST"

Hon. Harry Thaw!
I hope you enjoyed your outing in New England, where city boarders is always welcome spending money. I am told by many unreliable sources That your slight jaunter among friends Cost 1,000,000\$.
We must worry!
Considerable millionaires. has spent considerable more on vacation and had considerable less good time.
Next time you escape I hope you do so more quietly."
Now is turn for me to burb up,
"O Hon. Geo. M. Cohan,
I am told to understand That you are forsacking Serious Dramatic Art
For merely light froth Of Musical Reviews.
How shameful
That Shakespeare kid of your sublimity of poetickal gift, inspirational upliftment and devotedness to New Theatre movements,
Should go in At this lateness of date For merely making money!!"
But while I said thus
Hon. Mail Pidgeon Turn himself into parcel postage And splutter away Looking like A zero with nothing inside it.
Hoping you are the same
Yours truly
HASHIMURA TOGO.
(Per Wallace Irwin.)

A CONGRESSIONAL debate is a scheme for keeping people from finding out what they are talking about.

LIFE BOOKS

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON'S "To-day's Daughter" (Appleton's, \$1.35) is a clever and distinctly entertaining example of a more or less illegitimate and stunt-achieving form of fiction which, for want of a recognized name, we may call the panoramakodak novel. It is, primarily, the story of *Lucia Staunton*, the very modern daughter of a fine old doctor of the family physician type; the story of her friendship with a set of slightly older (and correspondingly less drastically "modern") women; the story of her marriage, its all but final dislarmony, and its tentative readjustment. But, actually, it is a skillful, yet a somewhat arbitrary, juxtaposition in a single picture of those many and muddled and mutually conflicting aims, impulses and obsessions which to-day testify to the working of a powerful yeast in our contemporary social dough. Both in photography and fiction, the forcing of a circular "view" into a rectangular frame involves a compromise. But occasionally (and "To-day's Daughter", with its quiet sense of humor and its real sense of proportion, is one of the occasions) the result is worth having.

ANOTHER sort of panorama—more on the revolving drum and the "Turn the crank, Mike!" order, that we knew and rejoiced in before the movies were dreamed of—is offered us in Caroline Caffin's volume of easy-running comment on the inside workings, the outside aspects, and the chief recent practitioners of "Vaudeville" (Kernerley, \$3.00). The author's intelligent and sympathetic interest in her subject, her simple exposition of the professional requirements and psychological appeals involved in the business, and her critical summing-up of a host of familiar figures of the circuits, makes interesting reading. And the fact that forty-nine finely reproduced caricatures of vaudeville "stars", by Marius de Zayas, are included as illustrations in the volume makes of it a portfolio of amazingly sophisticated and syncopated art.

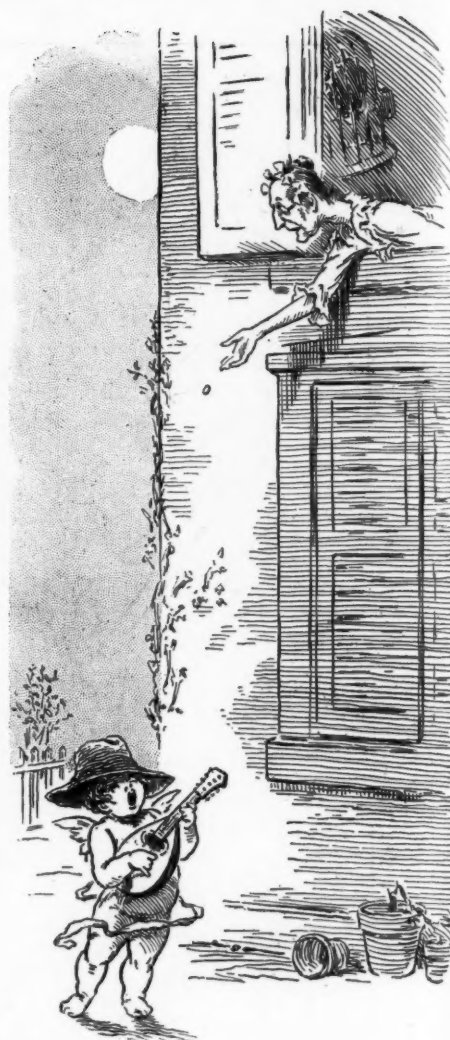
IF Frank Swinnerton's story, "On the Staircase" (Doran, \$1.25), had happened to be a wine, it would undoubtedly be referred to in the price lists as "dry". It is a story of the quite normal and work-a-day-worldly intertwining of the

lives of a likeable family who live on the upper floor of an old London house with those of two of the men who clerk it on the floors below, and with a few others whose close relationship with the latter draw them into the little social vortex thus produced. It is a "still" story, not a "sparkling" one. And without being at all "heady", it has a sound "body" of human understanding and an excellent "bouquet" of personality. But there are many readers who would unhesitatingly apply the vintners' term "dry" to it without any thought of the vintners' meaning.

IT seems a long time since "My Little Sister" came out. That, with a vengeance, was a story with a "punch". So was Witter Bynner's "The Tiger". And they were both good writing, too. But long ago. Very long ago. Before the war. And now, after the vogue has altered and other punches are being punched, here is a book, evidently born out of due season. It is anonymous. It purports to be an autobiography. It is called "The Other Kind of Girl" (Huebsch, \$1.00). It contains no fine writing. It doesn't lead up to any punch. There are no exotic details in it. No sensationalism. It is just the outline of a life. Just—God help us!—"the other kind of girl".

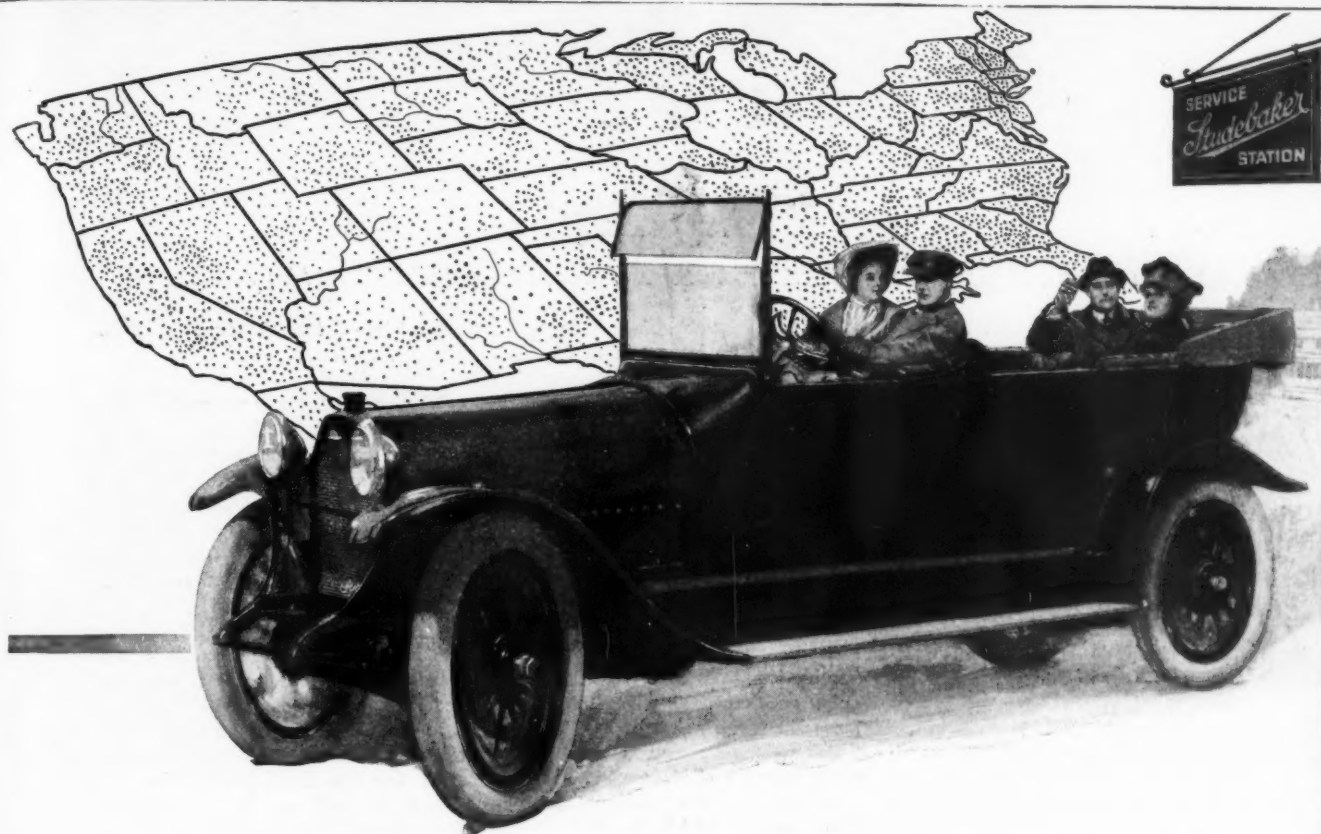
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Lampson professor of English literature at Yale, has just added to his "Essays on Modern Novelists" and his "Essays on Russian Novelists" a volume of "Essays on Books" (Macmillan, \$1.50). It contains a monograph on Richardson, a critical essay on Jane Austen, and a number of less formal but even more interesting commentative papers upon various English and foreign writers. Professor Phelps neither regards himself nor is regarded as a great critic. But he writes with a rare blend of intelligence and sincerity, and, because of his responsively human, rather than academically technical, attitude toward the art of fiction and its relation to life, he fills the honorable post of critic in ordinary to many thousands of American readers.

"THE Captain of His Soul" (McBride, Nast; \$1.35), by Henry James Forman, gives the history of a young



Spinster: TAKE THIS AND GO AWAY

Southerner, who, having worked his way through Harvard and come near to starving on high hopes in New York, catches the fancy of a crooked bank-chain promoter and becomes, for a time, his tool and his society decoy; and who, finally—shocked into self-realization by his patron's criminal demands—returns to the friends, the fiancée, and the fine ideals of his post-graduate beginnings. The book, by the way, deals with the history of a promising start, not of an achieved arrival. And as a novel it is more noteworthy as a good beginning than as a finished performance. It ought to have been called "The First Sergeant of His Soul". J. B. Kerfoot.



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It's simply this: that Studebaker **MAKES SURE**. —and makes sure not only in the manufacturing that goes on in the gigantic plants at Detroit, but also in the running of the car on the roads **AFTER** it is in your hands.

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money's worth of pleasure for every dollar of the price.

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And so not only in this matter of giving Service to Studebaker owners, but in every little detail of manufacturing, you find this Studebaker policy of **MAKING SURE** the buyer gets **FULL** money's worth

—because it's a

Studebaker

And it is this that makes the
Studebaker

LIGHT SIX, \$1385

for example, a most delightful car to drive—but a **LESS EXPENSIVE** car to run. For Studebaker engineers, seeking to make sure of the car's safety, have disregarded expense and used drop forgings so freely that while the **SIX** is far stronger, it is also much **LIGHTER** in weight—and so, **LOWER** in upkeep cost.

But the only thing to do is to see this **SIX** at your local Studebaker dealer's, and see with your own eyes what Studebaker, with its wealth of experience and resources and ideals of manufacture, has been able to put into this **SIX** at \$1385. And today, too, write for "The Story of Studebaker."

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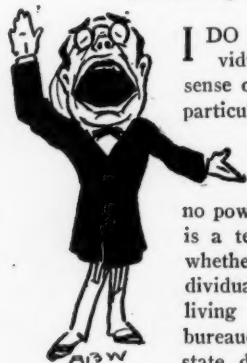
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F. O. B. Detroit

LIFE

"They Say"

(Recent Opinions, Epigrammatic or Otherwise, by Some of Our Wise and Near-Wise Men and Women)



—John Galsworthy, novelist and playwright.

We have all kinds of cripples in our employ, and they are making good. We have a great many who have been in prison, and who are outcasts from society. Every one of them is making a good showing and is gaining in self-respect and strength of character. We will guarantee to take every man out of Sing Sing and make a man of him.—*Henry Ford, in his testimony before the Commission on Industrial Relations.*

I want to emphasize the close connection between the piling up of hundreds of thousands of unemployed in cities and the subject of opening farm lands through new railroad construction. As I have already stated, there has been no new railroad construction for two years, whereas the average railroad building for the preceding thirty years was six thousand miles a year.—*B. F. Yoakum, Chairman of the Board of St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company.*

There is nothing coming to the suffragists but victory. Not very long ago a debate on woman suffrage in the House of Representatives would have been impossible.—*Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the International Suffrage Association.*

Oh, yes; I know women have played a great and noble part in this world's history; but it is a notable fact that this noble part was played without the ballot and some time before the movement came which last year destroyed five million dollars of London property created by men. The women who played that noble part did not have to be watched by the Scotland Yard detective force; they did not leave bombs in St. Paul's; they did not burn the Edinburgh collection of scientific marine instruments, working an irreparable loss to science created by men only, and which marks streets and lanes in the high seas. No, Mr. Speaker, the women whose names grace the page of history admired men and bowed to the scientific and political genius which he has slowly evolved and ever used to make of this planet a place of residence for whole-

some life.—*Representative Stanley E. Bowdle, of Ohio.*

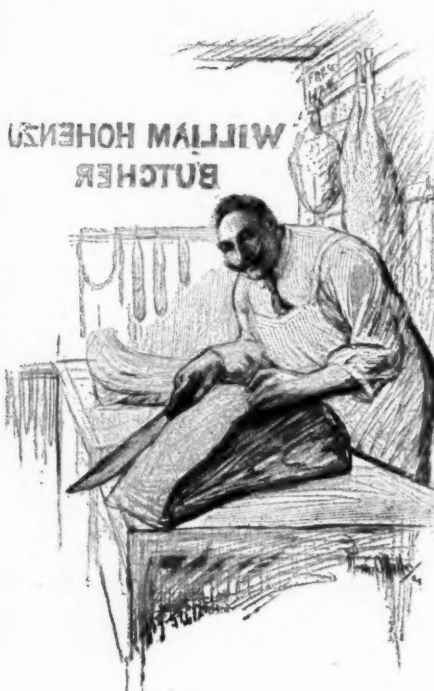
I believe that ninety per cent. of the mothers in this country are not only not in favor of woman suffrage, but are positively against it. They are willing to trust their husbands and their sons to make the laws while they make the homes.—*Representative Ewin Y. Webb, of North Carolina.*

State or Federal care for those at a disadvantage in the present industrial development—that is the State's job, to care for the people of the State. The taxpayers will have to pay, if necessary, for the State must raise the money to perform its function—its duty.—*Daniel Guggenheim, President of the American Smelting & Refining Company.*

Is it just and fair, therefore, in view of the history of events taking place in the North and East, and every part of the nation, each day and recorded in the press dispatches, to especially condemn the South, or to condemn Georgia? Is it not dictated by a higher sense of justice to declare that contempt for the law and its orderly processes is prevalent to a more or less extent everywhere, but has no particular geography?—*Governor John M. Slaton, of Georgia.*

We are as free politically as any nation can be, but the position of the ordinary worker is the reverse of free. The worker has his voice in things political, but in dealing with industrial problems the corporation is absolute.—*Louis D. Brandeis, of Boston.*

Go to church? Yes, I go now and then. Do you reporters go? The last time I went I had my automobile stolen.—*Henry Ford, to a "World" man.*



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. TOO BAD IT WASN'T



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TRADE MARK
Coupe

\$1600
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What Training Will Do

A traveler visiting a large factory made a bet with the manager that he would pick out all the married men among the employees. Accordingly, he stationed himself at the door as they came back from dinner, and mentioned all those whom he believed to be married, and in almost every case he was right. "How do you do it?" asked the manager in amazement. "Oh, it's quite simple," said the traveler, "quite simple. The married men all wipe their feet on the mat; the single men don't."—*Argonaut.*

A TOURIST, traveling in the Rocky Mountains, was introduced to an old hunter who claims to have killed no fewer than four hundred bears.

"Bill," said the introducer, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bears."

The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over, and said:

"Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes, the bears had 'em."—*Tit-Bits.*



FOR THE MAN WHO OPENS WINDOWS
WITHOUT PERMISSION

Disappointed

"Do you find that set of books you bought interesting?"

"Not very," confessed the man who tries to improve himself. "But I'd feel better about it if the man who comes around to collect were as good an entertainer as the one who sold me the books."

—*Washington Star.*

TEACHER: The sentence, "My father had money" is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be speaking in if you said, "My father has money"?

LITTLE MARY: Oh, that would be pretense.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Now, Silas," said the speaker, "I want you to be present when I deliver this speech."

"Yassuh."

"I want you to start the laughter and applause. Every time I take a drink of water, you applaud, and every time I wipe my forehead with my handkerchief, you laugh."

"You better switch dem signals, boss. It's a heap mo' liable to make me laugh to see you standin' up dar deliberately takin' a drink o' water."

—*Washington Star.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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The popular superstition that a foreign label makes an article any better is being ruthlessly bon-barded during this war. Every day somebody who finds it impossible to get his pet European label is learning to his utmost surprise that American made means better made as well as less expensive. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne since 1859 has been teaching that lesson of American wine—the lesson is being triply impressed today.

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3-J



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"WOT YE SCARED OF? WE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' YET"

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the Lubricating Cups*

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Dodge Brothers	Marmon
Hupmobile	National
KisselKar	Oakland
Pathfinder	

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Krebs	J. C. Wilson

THE automatic lubricating cups on Detroit Springs identify them immediately. Each leaf has depressions near the ends filled with a heavy, long-lived lubricant that is spread between the leaves by the action of the spring. This means a smooth, velvety action and a spring that never squeaks even after a good rain-soaking.

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Anybody can write a story about college life. If he has not attended a college, so much the better. His imagination is less trammelled. A few simple rules must be observed, however.

1. All heroes are named Jack, Stanley or Dick.
2. All college men wear sweaters *always* and smoke short, fat-bowled pipes.
3. There is always a "Fatty", who is a funny fellow.
4. Any four college men make up a quartet, which can sing "Merhileeee we ro-hull alonngg" at any time.
5. All college men are wooing a girl named Dorothy or Betty, who is "sweet and pure as an angel".
6. All college men address each other as "old hoss".
7. College men never study, but spend their time in tossing repartee back and forth.
8. All college rooms are adorned with pennants.
9. All college men call their fathers "Pater" and speak of the "honor of the dear old school" in a husky voice.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

On the Right Road

A former member of the Kentucky Legislature, now engaged in the practice of law in Louisville, tells of the time that the question of permitting osteopaths to practice was a mooted one in the legislative body. There were arguments pro and con until the speech of a mountaineer statesman did much toward settling the question. Obtaining recognition, he spoke somewhat as follows: "I'm in favor of letting those osteopaths practice. The homeopaths practice, the allopaths practice. All the other 'paths practice. And, after all, we may do well to remember that, as the poet says, the paths all lead but to the grave."

—Argonaut.

Made in U. S. A.

MANAGING EDITOR: Great snakes! I can't make head or tail of this Petrograd cable. Ask our Russian correspondent to step here a moment.

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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Hadn't Noticed

FIRST GURGLE: Did you notice that good-looking fellow who sat right back of us at the Orpheum?

SECOND GURGLE: Oh, that handsome chap with the red necktie and tan suit, who wore his hair pompadour? No. Why?—Nebraska Awgwan.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: William, what must we do before we can expect forgiveness of sins?

WILLIAM: Sin.—New York World.



The Optimist (3 a. m.): MAYBE SHE IS GOING TO BE A PRIMA DONNA SOME DAY

Burpee's Seeds Grow

THE truth of this famous slogan is proved by thousands of pleased and permanent customers. The Burpee Idea of Quality First—"to give rather than to get all that is possible"—combined with efficient service, has built the world's greatest mail order seed business. We deliver seeds free by parcels post, and have not advanced prices because of the war. Write today for Burpee's Annual, the "Leading American Seed Catalog" for 1915. It is a bright book of 182 pages, with hundreds of illustrations and carefully written descriptions of Vegetables and Flowers. It tells the Plain Truth, and is a safe guide to success in the garden. It is mailed free.

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Worth While

IN a recent article by Dr. George J. Helmer we read:

If they can frighten twenty million out of ninety million people in the United States into vaccination at an average of two dollars per head, they have forty million dollars to divide among themselves.

To show that there is no protection in vaccination against smallpox—from the highest statistical sources in England, the home of vaccination, Hon. John Burns, Minister of Health for England in the House of Commons, on April 12, 1911, declared that: "Just in proportion as in recent years, exemptions (from vaccination) have gone up from four per cent. to thirty per cent., so deaths from smallpox have declined." In other words—less vaccination, less smallpox.

MANAGER OF LECTURE DEPARTMENT, M. E. CHURCH: The question is, "Shall we have Secretary Bryan for three hundred dollars or Vice-President Marshall and his wife for two hundred and fifty?"

THE HEAD VESTRYMAN: Let's give a real good entertainment; why not spend about seven hundred dollars and get the whole Cabinet?



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Flags, Rags and Editors

THE course of the nation's editorial writers has always heretofore been clear when Socialists or I. W. W. men have referred to our flag disrespectfully. Let them, therefore, not overlook the remark of the Republican Senator Borah, who said the other day that our flag is a "dirty rag" as far as the administration's present policy in Mexico is concerned. An unpleasant duty, therefore, lies before our Republican papers. They must come out and scold Senator Borah right heartily, else the next time a non-Republican hints that the flag is not all that it might be, a respect for consistency will not allow them to rise to the proper heights of indignation.

66 Broadway
New York64TH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF
The Manhattan Life66 Broadway
New York

Insurance Company

THOMAS E. LOVEJOY, President

JANUARY 1st, 1915

ASSETS

Bonds and Stocks	\$3,277,905.00
Bonds and Mortgages	7,264,750.00
Real Estate	5,545,618.81
Loans to Policyholders	4,578,291.86
Cash in Banks and on Hand	385,045.25
Other Assets	590,279.43
TOTAL	\$21,641,890.35

LIABILITIES

Insurance Reserve Fund	\$19,589,539.00
Claims Awaiting Proof	144,370.87
Dividends Due Policyholders	119,832.99
All Other Liabilities	192,530.37
Capital Stock	100,000.00
Surplus (including amount provisionally ascertained)	1,495,617.12
TOTAL	\$21,641,890.35



PAN-GERMAN

Dignity Forgotten

WE regret to read reports of hazings, fights, attempted kidnapping and other irregular activities between the *Crimson* (Harvard) and the *Harvard Lampoon*. In the *Crimson*, a daily newspaper, occasional deviations from suitable deportment are perhaps to be expected, but a serious comic paper like the *Lampoon* should not imperil its dignity by frivolous outbreaks such as the papers record.

There's something about them you'll like.

Twenty for a Quarter

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London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
1/4 Pound 50¢ — Sample upon request.
Falk Tobacco Co., 56 West 45th St. New York.

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Lost horse shoes and injured hoofs often result from using cheap, inferior nails. They're apt to break at a critical time when most needed. Why take chances? Your shoer can just as well use "The Capewell" nail—best in the world at a fair price, not cheapest regardless of quality. You will know it by the Trade Mark. Make sure you get "The Capewell".


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Personalities

RECENTLY a young man was picked up in the streets of New York who gave another name and insisted that he was quite a different person from the one he was known to be. He said he was a minister from the West and not a musician from the East. This is what is known as a case of dual personality. Somebody gets on the brain wires and cuts the connections; the stream of consciousness is divided. From one personality there emerges another—occasionally more. Sometimes the two personalities will alternate, and, neither being conscious of the other, will dominate alternately.

As a rule, nobody drives two personalities abreast. One of them, invisible to the forward gaze, is hitched on behind, to come forward and change places before the driver knows what has taken place.

While everybody, apparently, has two personalities, it doesn't always do any good. If you could drive one of your personalities out to pasture and hitch it up when needed to give yourself a much-needed rest, that would at least be something. But there is no relying upon the unknown personality. If such a thing were possible, it would double our capacities. If it were known, for example, that Mr. Bryan had two personalities, one for Chautauqua Circles and the other for the State Department, it would help. But there is apparently one personality to Mr. Bryan, and that is the sixteen-to-one personality which always persists and rides roughshod over the proprieties.



DIARY

April 15, 1820

We celebrated Dan's birthday this evening, gathered about the round table and pledged him many a toast in good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Celebrations galore have been made memorable by toasts delivered with this choice delightful rye. Old Overholt is pure, mellow, delicious, with a delightful bouquet.

Aged in charred oak barrels, bottled in bond.

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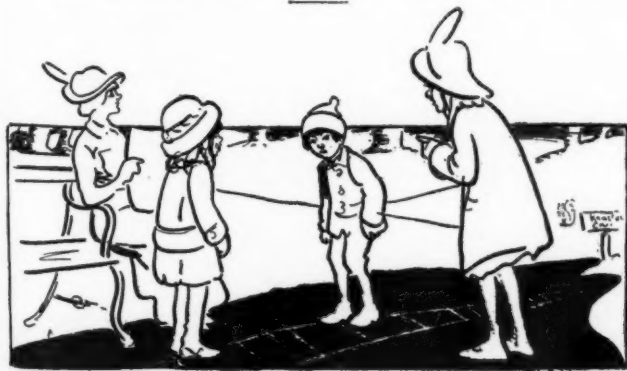
The Germans in Belgium

MR. JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT, a correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, has written a long letter, published in the *New York Times* and other papers, to disclose that Sir A. Conan Doyle has conveyed to the world an unkind picture of the Germans in Belgium than the facts sustain.

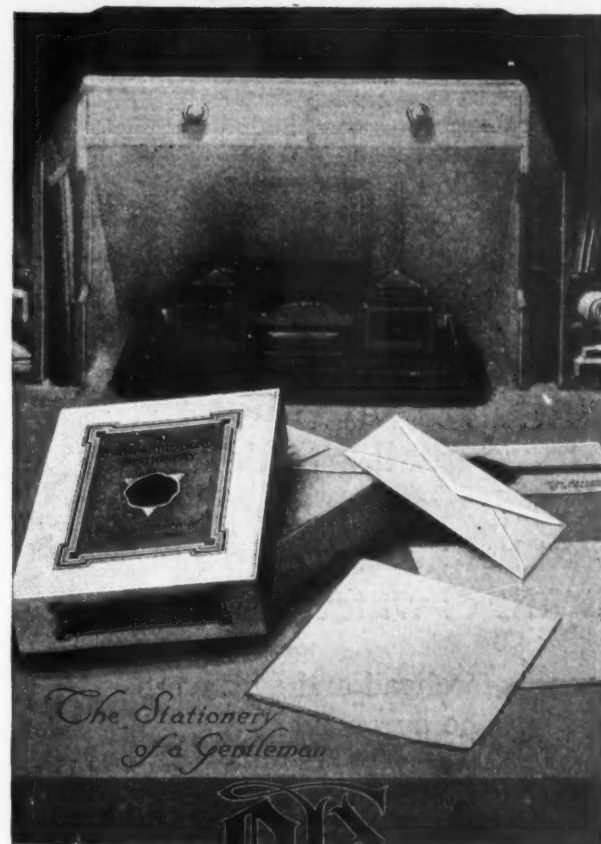
We all want, or ought to want, to think justly of the Germans, and as kindly of them, even in Belgium, as possible, so it is an advantage to us to read Mr. Bennett's letter. He has nothing but good to say of them, feeling, no doubt, that the rest had been said sufficiently. He tells how well disciplined the German landwehr troops are, how they feed the destitute, give to the children, are considerate to everyone, and how much the Belgians like them. He tells how little of Louvain—about one-seventh, he says—is gone, and how moderate and carefully calculated was the destruction at Dinant and other places. He was with the Germans in Northern France and was very much pleased with them there, especially with their tender consideration for the contents of châteaux. They were popular, justly popular, with the French, as with the Belgians, Mr. Bennett found.

Chicago, we hear, inclines considerably to the German side, and must have been pleased with Mr. Bennett's letter. Much of it seems true. The mass of the German armies represents the mass of the German people, and no one has suggested, so far as recalled, that the Germans by and large are unkindly. We read that French and even English soldiers are quite ready to like German soldiers or *vice versa*. Of kindness to prisoners, of war-kindness generally, of devotion of all kinds of surgeons to all kinds of wounded, there is no lack of report. It is a big war and generously productive of all kinds of stories, bright and black. Some of the black ones are very black. Mr. Bennett's bright tales of German benevolence do not dispose of them. He saw what he saw, but others saw what he did not see. He says one-seventh of Louvain is gone. Cardinal Mercier says one-third, and gives the number of houses (2,897) that have been destroyed. Belgium reeks with stories of German atrocities; rape, murder, pillage. Such stories come to New York in private letters. They are the less known because so many of them are too bad to print. Mr. Bennett omits them all.

Tush, Bennett! When you start to tell the truth, tell it. How is it that you have not thought to narrate how the Germans have contrived to adjust their benevolent policies to the extraction of heaven knows how many millions of francs from captured Belgian and French cities? Did they threaten that the inhabitants of those places would be overwhelmed with kindness if they didn't pay up?



The Socialist's Daughter: OH, MAX, FATHER WOULD BE AWFULLY ANGRY IF HE KNEW YOU WERE PLAYING WITH THIS LITTLE RICH GIRL



Old Hampshire Bond

It suggests a man's personal writing desk, his personal thoughts and his personality.

We have a sample packet we would like to mail you. Ask us for it.

Hampshire Paper Co., South Hadley Falls, Mass.

"Bullets zipped close about him. Finally one went through the flesh of his right shoulder, and half a minute later another through the flesh of his neck. He changed his position, tried to baffle the inexorable sharpshooter, but to no avail. Suddenly his head was ringing like a great bell; then it burbled as if full of water: he fell."

The man's forehead and eyes were spared but the surgeons gave him up to a priest who shrived him. He refused to die and after suffering intensely finally reached Paris.

Five weeks later he was having his face rebuilt to resemble his brother who was handsomer than he. Joyful over the trick he played on the surgeon in giving him his brother's photograph to follow, he reflects the general state of mind in France. Both at the front and at home France fights with a smile on her lips.

In "Why France is Gay," James Hopper has expressed the spirit that animates France to-day. It is the kind of a war article you will never forget. It is both beautiful and inspiring. Read it in the February 13th issue of

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MELLOW AS
MOONLIGHT

CASCADE

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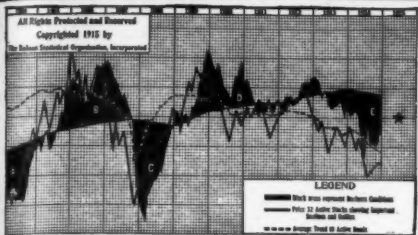
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Send for description and, if you wish, include 75c for small copper bowl with your monogram in brass.

CLEWELL STUDIOS
L ST., CANTON, OHIO

Rhymed Reviews

A Knight on Wheels

(By Ian Hay. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

EXCUSE me, Book! Upon the shelf

You stood, beseeching me to heed you

For weeks before I shook myself
And sternly settled down to read you,—

To find you full of quips and jokes
And fancies thick as morning-glories,
And perfectly enchanting folks
With pleasant, interweaving stories.

For there is Philip, first,—by far
The knightliest of engine-planners
That ever ran a motor-car
And played with spark-plugs, bolts
and spanners.

So shy, so kind, so full of strength
In frame and moral underpinning—
I'm glad he won his Pegs at length;
She seemed uncommon worth the winning.

And Uncle Joseph, too, is good:
He held that women all are blighters,
This altruistic Robin Hood
Of bogus begging-letter-writers.

Through false and maudlin pleas he gained
Largess from those whose heads were sappy,
But used the funds he thus obtained
In making needy people happy.

And then there's Tim, the trifler gay;
And Brand, the Anarchist horrendous;
And Mablethorpe (or Mr. Hay?).—
Oh, novels come in floods stupendous;

And lots are green as chlorophyll
Or colorless as protoplasm;
But this is one that wakes a thrill
Of genuine enthusiasm.

Arthur Guiterman.



Oily skin and shiny nose

How to correct them

That bug-bear of so many—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes. Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition.

Tonight—

Begin tonight the following Woodbury treatment. You will feel the difference in your skin the first time you use it.

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake of it is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1302 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1302 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

All Is Now Clear

THE world is full of vulgar skeptics, people who desire a reason for everything and are not satisfied unless they get it. There are a great many, for example, who feel that the twilight sleep has no reason for existence. Let these skeptics now hide their diminished heads. The twilight sleep is the real thing. Its reason is justified. Read this statement by a high medical authority, Dr. Kenneth F. Junor, of Brooklyn, in the *Medical Record*, who says:

"Twilight sleep requires a more continuous presence of the attending physician."

We trust this will settle the question once and for all of the permanent value of the twilight sleep.



YOU WILL RECEIVE

FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS Feb. 15

The earliest authentic news of the Spring mode.

SPRING PATTERNS Mar. 1

Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe.

SPRING MILLINERY Mar. 15

The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures.

SPRING FASHIONS April 1

The last word on Spring gowns, waists, lingerie and accessories.

SMART FASHIONS FOR LIMITED INCOMES April 15

First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means.

BRIDES AND SUMMER HOMES May 1

A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces" in Newport and elsewhere.

AMERICAN TRAVEL May 15

Places in our own country well worth a visit at least.

SUMMER FASHIONS June 1

The final showing of the Summer modes that will be.

IN THE COUNTRY June 15

Society takes to outdoor sports and life in the open.

HOT WEATHER FASHIONS July 1

The correct wardrobe and equipment for all outdoor sports.

HOSTESSES July 15

The newest ideas in midsummer entertainments

LONDON & PARIS Aug. 1

Europe preparing to resume where it left off at the start of the war.

----- Tear along this line -----
**VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue
New York**

For the \$2 enclosed, send me the next twelve numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Forecast of Spring Fashions, as advertised in Life, February 11th.

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OF all Vogue's claims to distinction, the greatest, perhaps, is its ability—universally recognized—to *forecast* the fashions. In every issue appear drawings and photographs that represent not the styles of Yesterday, nor even of To-day, but are wonderfully accurate presentiments of the styles of Tomorrow.

Therefore, before spending a single penny on clothes, before even planning your Spring wardrobe, it will pay you handsomely to consult Vogue's five great Spring Fashions numbers (see list alongside). From now on, these numbers follow, one after the other, twice a month, beginning with the Forecast of Spring Fashions, now on sale. Watch the news-stands for the cover opposite!

IN the next ten weeks—the very period in which these five Spring Fashions numbers of Vogue appear—you will be planning your Spring wardrobe, and spending hundreds of dollars carrying out the plans.

And once again will you face the fact that the gown you buy and never wear is the most expensive gown of all, that the gloves, hats, boots—that just miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost far more than you can afford!

WHY take any such chances, this Spring of all others, when, by simply sending in the coupon with \$2—a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you can *insure* the correctness of your whole Spring and Summer wardrobe?

Simply write your name and address, tear off the coupon, enclose \$2 and mail to Vogue. You will receive at once, the Forecast of Spring Fashions, and after it, issue after issue, the twelve great numbers of Vogue listed on this page.

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V O G U E



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of
Spring Fashions



This is the cover of the Forecast of Spring Fashions—the first of Vogue's five great Spring Fashion numbers. Before spending a penny, or even planning a single new hat or gown, make sure of getting these five numbers with their wealth of ideas and authoritative clothes information. Use the coupon on the opposite page.

February 15, 1915

The Vogue Company
CONDE NAST, Publisher

Price 25 cents

PALL MALL

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A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

